the Airman

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR FORCE

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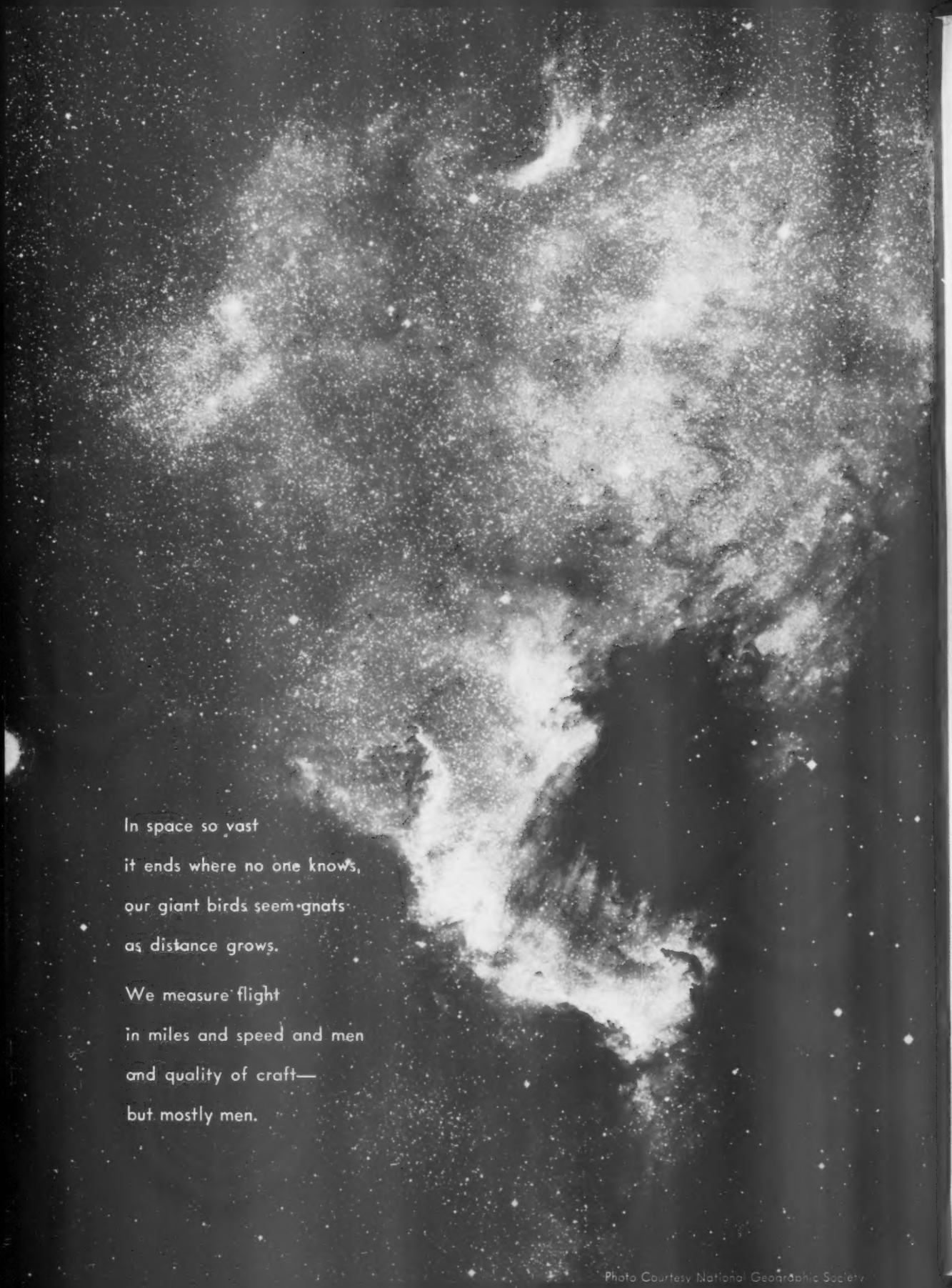

In space so vast
it ends where no one knows,
our giant birds seem gnats
as distance grows.

We measure flight
in miles and speed and men
and quality of craft—
but mostly men.

Photo Courtesy National Geographic Society

the Airman

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE AIR FORCE

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IN THIS ISSUE

Edward H. Sims

Chase Over New Guinea, which starts on page 25, is a chapter from the new book, *American Aces in Great Fighter Battles of World War II,* by Edward H. Sims and published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. The chapter, dealing with the New Guinea exploits of ace John D. Landers, was selected for presentation in THE AIRMAN because it emphasizes traits of character and elements of combat which are as applicable today as they were in World War II. 1st Lt. Landers (who later became a lt. colonel) engages the Japanese, is shot down, and eventually makes his way back to his base. The author served as a fighter pilot in World War II, flying 33 missions over Germany. He is a Washington, D. C. correspondent, editor and publisher of Editor's Copy Syndicate, columnist and free lance writer.

This month's cover photograph was taken by New York Times photographer Sam Falk. On signal for a *launching,* the maintenance crews at Loring AFB, Maine, sprint down the ramp to start the engines and make last-minute checks of the B-52s. Simultaneously, members of the six man flight crews get the latest weather, load their gear and prepare to take off. For the complete story of how SAC operates on continuous alert, see *SAC,* beginning on page 5.

The Man in the White Cap (page 16) was authored by Lt. Col. T. A. Fleek, formerly with the Office of the Provost Marshal, Hq USAF. The story tells of the wide variety of duties performed by the men who wear the familiar white caps and the AP armbands.

For the adventure-minded, *Anything, Anywhere, Anytime,* recounts part of the Air Force's job in Operation Deepfreeze, the IGY activities in the Antarctic. *Family Housing* presents the current picture on Capehart and other housing projects, and relates how the housing problem is being whittled down to size.

USAF PERIODICAL 30-15

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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THE AIRMAN is primarily a medium for the exchange of ideas and information among Air Force personnel. Readers are encouraged to submit articles, short subjects, photographs and artwork. All contributions will be given consideration; suggestions and criticisms are welcomed. Opinions expressed by individual contributors do not necessarily reflect the official viewpoint of the Department of the Air Force. All photographs are official USAF photos unless otherwise designated.

Use of funds for printing this publication approved by the Secretary of the Air Force and the Director of the Bureau of the Budget July 5, 1956.

READY REFERENCE

Sir: *I have just returned from exercise* Mobile Zebra *in the Far East and wish to compliment* THE AIRMAN *staff for a hearty assist in making my information job easier. The article,* TAC is Global, *(October issue) was precisely what I needed. Upon arriving in the Pacific I decided to see what I could do about getting some copies for use.*

Action I got. I TWXed for some copies. They were sent from your office to George AFB, Calif., and there they went aboard Col. R. J. Clizbe's B-66 for a nonstop flight to the Philippines in 17 hours and 10 minutes. This was perhaps the fastest and longest delivery of a magazine in history.

We distributed them to key military personnel in the Philippines and Formosa, and in press kits to newsmen in those two countries plus Japan, Okinawa, and Hawaii. It saved me a lot of talk, because it wrapped up the TAC story completely. I could give newsmen a briefing, and then, at the conclusion, hand them a copy of the magazine saying, "Here's the same story in THE AIRMAN. *Use it or keep it for reference."*

Again, many thanks.

Capt. George L. Weiss
Langley AFB, Va.

★ ★ ★

DEATH AND TAXES

Sir: *With the emphasis being placed on reporting of per diem for tax purposes this year, can you advise the best place to get guidance?*

Name Withheld

The Armed Services Individual Income Tax Council at Hq USAF advises consultation with your base legal officer. While most tax problems fall into general categories, the majority have personal ramifications that only personal counsel can solve.

★ ★ ★

READING MATERIAL

Sir: *I find the cost for acquiring hardcover books reviewed in your Air Age Library section too great to allow purchase of as many as I would like. Could you print a listing of such books that are available in paperback form?*

T/Sgt. Francis McLellan
Hollywood, Calif.

The point is well taken. See *Airman's World,* page 22, for such a listing. We shall supplement this with periodic future listings as they become available.

★ ★ ★

AFFIRMATIVE

Sir: *I joined the merchant marines late in 1944, completed maritime school in St. Petersburg, Fla., and served in the Pacific, Caribbean, and Atlantic areas during World War II. I am authorized Pacific, Atlantic, and WW II ribbons.*

Now a member of the Air Force, I desire to know if I am authorized to wear these ribbons on the USAF uniform? If so, how do I go about getting them entered on my service record and getting the ribbons?

T/Sgt. Glenn T. Dillman
APO 283, New York, N. Y.

Awards Branch, DCS/Personnel, Hq USAF advises that authority for the wearing of awards earned while a member of the merchant marine is contained in chapter 1510, U. S. Navy Uniform Regulation. They may be worn on the USAF uniform in accordance with the provisions contained in Air Force Manual 35-10.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT AND WRONG

Sir: *On page 26 of the September issue of* THE AIRMAN *there is a table labeled, "Proposed Officer Pay Structure" (Cordiner Report). In the grade column you have: "0-7, B Gen/R Adm." Is there a typographical error or am I incorrect in thinking that it should be: "0-7, B Gen/Commodore?"*

A/2C Brian M. Oakes
Denver, Colo.

Actually, both Airman Oakes and THE AIRMAN are partially correct. The rate of commodore is being phased out. Only one, Richard W. Bates, Commandant, Naval War College, Newport, R. I., is still on active duty, although there are still several reserve commodores. Present Navy policy is promotion from captain to rear admiral. However, there are two categories within the rear admiral ranks, lower half and upper half. Lower half personnel receive pay and allowances of brigadier general; upper half those of major general.

QUESTION?

Sir: *Your December issue of* THE AIRMAN *was excellent; however, I have a question.*

Inside the front cover you carry what, I assume, is a quotation. It is credited to fifth logion. What is a logion?

Name Withheld

Webster's dictionary says, *logion* is the singular form of the noun, *logia.* It is derived from the Greek *logos* and defined as sayings or maxims of a religious teacher; specifically, the sayings of Jesus. Most applications refer to early collections of such sayings supposed to have been used by the evangelists, and to *Agrapha.*

In turn, *Agrapha* is a plural noun, also derived from Greek, and is defined as unwritten sayings or sayings attributed to Jesus, which, though not found in canonical gospels, were current in early Christian tradition or writings.

★ ★ ★

BOOK LEARNING

Sir: *Your article* Cap and Gown (*Airman's World,* THE AIRMAN, Oct. '57) *which referred to Mitchel College of Long Island has roused my interest.*

I am a veteran and a DAF employee and interested in qualifications needed to enter Mitchel College. Can you supply me with necessary information pertaining to the procedure I should follow?

Joseph E. Moran, Jr.
Charleston, S. C.

No official information concerning requirements for enrollment at Mitchel College is available at Hq USAF according to officials in Personnel Services Division, DCS/Personnel. Inquiries relative to eligibility should be sent to the Director of Admissions, Mitchel College of Long Island, Mitchel AFB, N. Y. A transcript indicating your present academic standing should accompany your letter.

★ ★ ★

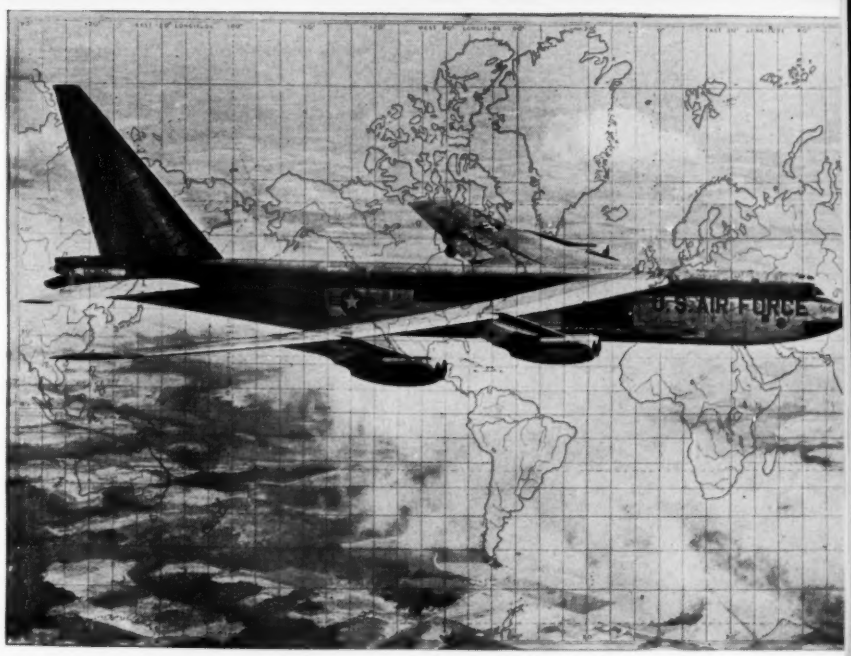
CORRECTION

***Inadvertently the source credit line was omitted from the articles* Air Force Missile Experience *and* Command and Control of Ballistic Missiles *in the December 1957 issue. These articles were reprinted from the Air University Quarterly Review, Vol. IX No. 3,* The Air Force Ballistic Missile.**

SAC

USAF's global deterrent strike force, on continuous alert, meets the challenge of a new dimension for defense of this country and the free world.

by Dave Karten



LAST OCTOBER, when dramatic emergence of the now-famous *Sputniks* in the sky served notice that our sights would have to be adjusted for 1958, and beyond, the spotlight of attention focused on Strategic Air Command. The obvious questions: "Would SAC continue to be the number one deterrent to aggression? Does the threat of intercontinental ballistic missiles require retaliation in five hours by a bomber or in 30 minutes from a nuclear missile?"

General Thomas S. Power, SAC's commander in chief, partly answered the questions recently when he said Strategic Air Command could retaliate devastatingly from any missile attack. He also trimmed SAC's alert time.

The accelerated program is predicated on the "reaction time" needed for a portion of a force of planes to get off a SAC base into the air and headed for retaliatory strikes after a warning of approaching enemy forces. The idea is to get the bombers off the ground and on their way before the enemy hits.

Until recent months the expected reaction time has been as much as two or three hours. This was the time hostile bombers would require to reach targets in the United States after they had tripped the early warning line.

Threat of intercontinental ballistic missiles has trimmed SAC's reaction time to 15 minutes—half the time it would probably take for a Soviet ICBM to travel from its launching point to an American target.

To cut reaction time, planes which must get away to head for assigned targets are to be standing at the end of the runway—literally. A program already under way will provide parking "stubs" close to the runway end. Equally as close will be shelters and mess facilities for air and ground crews "on alert."

Twenty-four hours of every day, SAC fights an imaginary war that could instantly be changed into a real one. In B-52s, B-47s, and B-36s, men cruise the skies of three continents. Eight miles high, in the clear and behind cloud cover where, so far as it looks up there, they might as well be over enemy territory, planes and men fly near the speed of sound, against the best in defense weapons (scored with gun cameras), and with dummy bombs, electronically "dropped" with remarkable accuracy (scored by radar ground crews at the target).

The art of aerial refueling has been developed to the point where the range of bombers is limited only by the factor of human endurance. The importance of aerial refueling to SAC operations is emphasized by last year's records. KC-97 and newer jet KC-135 tankers made 143,000 refuelings—an average of one refueling contact every three and a half minutes around the clock—250 million gallons of fuel were transferred.

Birth and Growth

On March 21st, the Strategic Air Command will celebrate its 12th anniversary, marking the end of a dozen years of duty as one of the principal guardians of world peace.

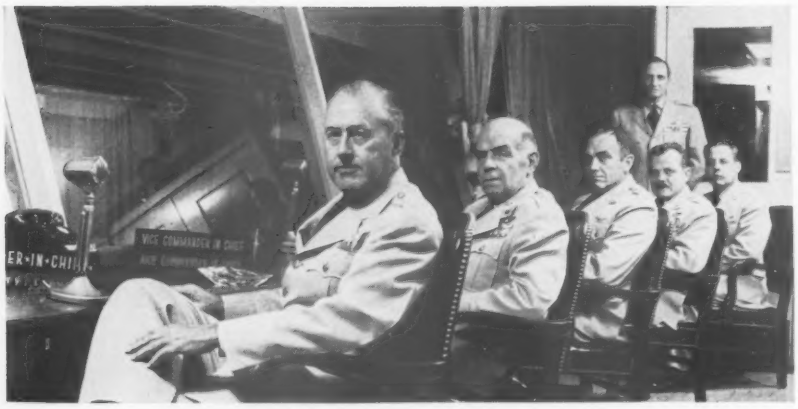
SAC lives and grows by the concept that, in a world such as today's, ever-present and ever-alert lethal retaliatory power provides the most effective deterrent to major aggression and the best guarantee of peace.

SAC has come a long way—in dynamic growth, in advancements in equipment and organization, in bases and training, and in mobility.

SAC was born within a year of the unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan and prior to creation in 1947 of the U. S. Air Force as a separate department. It was named one of three major Air Force combat commands. On the same date Air Defense Command was given the mission of intercepting and destroying enemy aircraft before they could reach targets in the U. S. Tactical Air Command was made responsible for training forces for combat theater operations. Today with its global composite air strike forces, and local war capabilities, TAC stands with SAC in the peace-keeping role.

Two years after SAC was organized General Curtis E. LeMay was named SAC commander in chief and, in November 1948, SAC headquarters was moved from Andrews AFB, Washington, D. C., to Offutt AFB, Omaha, Nebr.

1948 was also the year SAC went



Gen. Thomas S. Power, SAC commander in chief, and staff, overlook war room from enclosed command post. Each staff member is charged with a specific area of responsibility.

definitely "on the alert." Ninety-day overseas deployment rotations were initiated for all combat units, and the concept of constant readiness was launched. Operations were based on the idea that the enemy was a reality rather than a potentiality.

In 1949 SAC began to take delivery of the Convair B-36, the giant bomber which made mediums of the previous "heavies." But even medium bombers were developing a long-range reach, as SAC demonstrated when it sent the B-50 *Lucky Lady II* around the world nonstop via aerial refuelings. The historic flight foreshadowed today's KC-97 and jet KC-135 tankers.

In 1950, over Korea, SAC saw its first combat with its aging B-29s and in 1952, before the Korean conflict had ended, SAC was receiving first deliveries of the Boeing B-47 *Stratojet* medium bomber. The next year SAC first deployed a B-47 wing overseas, flying 45 of the *Stratojets* to England. MacDill's 306th Bomb Wing made the Atlantic crossing in less than six hours.

By this time, the USAF was well along in weaving a web of strategically placed forward bases which could serve as springboards from which SAC's B-47s could vault to a retaliatory attack.

But SAC planning was not entirely dependent upon overseas bases for the mounting of jet-powered retaliation. June 1955 marked the start of conversion of the command's intercontinental bomber force to jets. The first B-52 *Stratofortress* was delivered to the 93rd Bomb Wing at Castle AFB, Calif. With this huge bomber, capable of ranging more than 6,000 miles without refueling, SAC would now be able to strike at high speed from North American bases.

Strategic Air Command was only a fledgling force when it moved its headquarters to Nebraska. It had only 22 active bases manned by 52,000 men. About 1,000 aircraft of assorted types, almost all of World War II vintage, made up its combat inventory.

Today, SAC has almost 230,000 officers, airmen, and civilians; almost 25 percent of the Air Force. It has some 67 U. S. and overseas bases and its bombers number considerably more than 2,000 plus hundreds of tankers and supporting aircraft. Its fixed assets are estimated at $10,700,000,000.

Navigator-bombardier on a B-52 literally has his hands full. In addition to performing all the radar navigation during a mission, he drops the bomb.

At SAC bases from Okinawa to Limestone, Maine, to Morocco, B-47 medium jet bombers, B-52 heavy jet bombers ("the long rifles"), and B-36 propjet bombers squat on their ramps on 24-hour alert with tanks topped with fuel and weapons preloaded and "ready."

Right Now

SAC's primary mission is peace; it exists as a deterrent force to discourage any enemy from aggression. If war is thrust upon us, SAC's specific job would be to destroy the enemy's atomic delivery capability and air-power complex, various target systems, and war supporting resources; and to prevent the massing and maintenance of other enemy military forces.

To do this job it is divided into three numbered air forces in the U. S.; the 15th at March AFB, Calif.; the 2d at Barksdale AFB, La.; and the 8th at Westover AFB, Mass. Overseas SAC has the 3rd Air Division in the Marianas; the 16th Air Force in Spain, from where it also controls the North African bases; and the 7th Air Division in England.

Each of SAC's air forces in the U. S. is assigned bombing and reconnaissance missions and each has jurisdiction over roughly one third of the command's combat units. Each air force and each of its combat wings is tactically self-sustaining. No combat units are assigned to the overseas air divisions which are responsible only for the operation of SAC's bases overseas. The command uses the bases for the regular deployment of combat units carrying out overseas training missions.

Because such a global force must be absolute, control rooms at each air force headquarters and SAC base in the U. S. and overseas are connected to SAC's headquarters command center and form the extremely efficient communications system which governs the operations of all SAC combat forces. No SAC aircraft, whether flying regular training missions across the country or deploying to an overseas base, is beyond the

General Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff, USAF, stops for a chat with members of the 6555th Guided Missiles Squadron, one of the organizations training SAC missilemen, prior to *Snark* launching at AF Missile Test Center's Cape Canaveral, Fla., launching site. From left: M/Sgts. F. J. Bailey, G. C. DeRidder, General White and T/Sgt. E. A. Arasin.

reach of the control room directing its operation. This system makes it possible for General Power to alert his forces within minutes. Regular checks are made to insure this alerting capability remains unimpaired.

Suppose the Dew line, which stretches from Alaska across the roof of Canada to Greenland, detected unidentified "intruders." The blips on the radar screen might be enemy aircraft, or the image of a missile streaking across the top of the world. On the other hand, they might just be meteorites from outer space whose speed might cause them to be mistaken for missiles. Could such an error launch a global war? Not exactly and here is why: The "intruder's" trajectory would be plotted, and the news instantly flashed to Air Defense Command headquarters in Colorado Springs. Seconds later Air Defense would talk to SAC and SAC to Washington for the necessary authorization. Then the controller in SAC's electronic fortress, the Combat Control Center, 50 feet below SAC headquarters at Offutt, would dial five digits on the famous red phone and cock the trigger. At the same time the controller would lift the lid on a little box and dial a color—red, yellow, or blue. This would sound the alarm throughout SAC headquarters and ring a bell that would alert General Power and key staff officers.

Unless he was certain the U. S. was actually under attack, the controller would not dial red or yellow. He'd dial blue, which is solely a SAC alert. All this he does in 20 seconds. Within three to six minutes, the first force of B-52s and B-47s would be headed for their targets. SAC's special radio which keeps in contact with SAC bases all over the world (by use of directional antennae) would alert the worldwide network of bases in a few minutes.

The first decision in the control center would be to give the probable answer to the question: "Is the enemy attacking?"

If an affirmative answer were given, SAC planes from many bases in all parts of the world would be in the air within minutes, carrying the reprisal potential in nuclear bombs.

But still, that would not mean war. The secret orders carried by each aircraft commander would take him only so far—to an invisible line on his flight plan—and he would not continue on to his assigned target unless he received definite orders to proceed beyond that line.

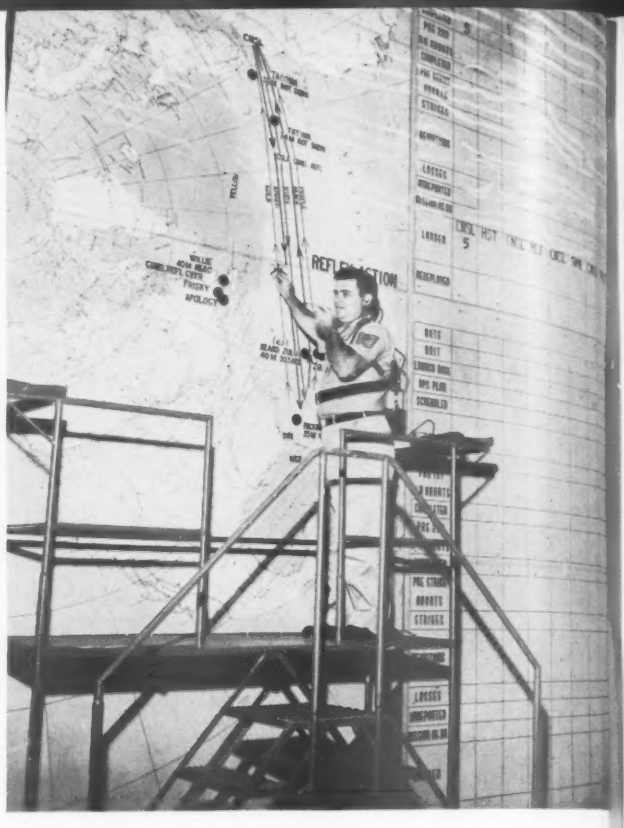
SAC's commander in chief can launch a bomber force armed with enough bombs to deal the enemy a lethal blow. But only the President of the United States can order an attack. SAC's commander in chief can pull the trigger, but the bullet will be stopped in midflight unless the President gives the word. SAC's bombers have the built-in capacity to "fail-safe," a phrase old among engineers but new to the military. For SAC, "fail-safe" means that General Power can start the nuclear bullet but unless the emergency proves to be the real thing, the "bullet" is stopped on an invisible line and turned back. Neither the enemy nor the public ever knows it is fired.

People and the Crisis

Through all its exercises, SAC has adopted a hard-as-nails approach to training its people to be professionals. Simulated combat is the key. SAC training approximates combat

Westover crew lines up for personal equipment check prior to take-off on a B-52 mission. Every crew member is a professional in his particular job.

Two color cameras focus on weather chart maintained in 140-foot-long operations room of SAC control center. Any portion of the room can be televised for transmission over the headquarter's closed-circuit TV system.



SAC airman receives and posts up-to-the-minute aircraft flight information. From control center nearly 2,000 nuclear bombers are directed hour-by-hour.

conditions as closely as possible. It operates in close coordination with Air Defense Command in testing its equipment and ability against modern day defenses.

SAC navigator-bombardiers aim not at general target areas, but at specific pinpoints—the corner of a building or a street intersection—and their accuracy in hitting these pinpoint targets has reached an all-time high. Lt. Gen. Francis H. Griswold, SAC's vice commander in chief, told crews at the annual bombing competition last fall, "Bombing problems will have to be made tougher in order to challenge the full capabilities of the command's combat crews."

Large numbers of highly trained personnel leave the service every year, but hundreds of SAC people have been with the command almost since it was organized. Their high level of professional skill wasn't easily attained. The maintenance and operation of modern combat planes, infinitely more complicated than aircraft of a few years ago, requires some 230 different skills. It takes three years of training at a cost of $25,000 to equip an enlistee for bomber maintenance and a minimum of $643,180 (including prerequisite flying experience) before a pilot can be qualified to command a B-47.

Although SAC seeks at all times to introduce new crewmen into the striking force to provide for its continuation, it nevertheless takes full advantage of the training, experience, and mature judgment of the older men.

That SAC's men and planes can do the job quickly and completely has been proven through evaluation of the training programs. The tough and thoroughly competent programs, designed to bring a newly formed combat crew to an acceptable performance level as rapidly as possible, form a system which never lets its students remain idle. Crews must prove over and over again that they are qualified combat-ready. Even those achieving SAC's highest rating as a "select" crew and thereby obtaining "spot" promotions must work to retain both the rating and promotions.

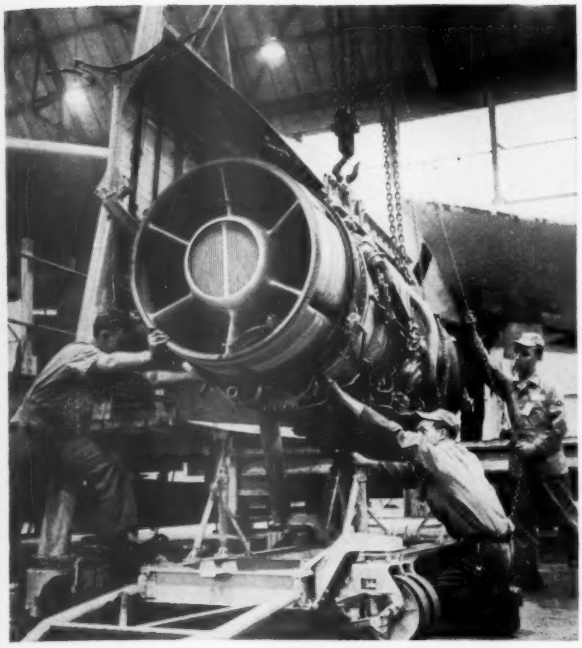
Since SAC's activation, its crews have flown nearly eight million hours—equivalent to a time span of 913 years. Jet aircraft alone have logged two million hours; enough flying time for a jet bomber to fly around the world more than 40,000 times. And they have flown safely. SAC's aircraft accident rate last year was down to an alltime low of five accidents per 100,000 flying hours.

SAC and The Missile Era

SAC has entered into strategic missile operation. Recently, the command was assigned the responsibility for operating Air Force ballistic missiles, which, as they are produced, will be integrated into the command to supplement and complement SAC's manned aircraft.

The 1st Missile Division, Cooke AFB, Calif., was established November 30, 1957, under the command of Maj. Gen. David Wade, former SAC chief of staff. General Wade explained how missiles are phasing into SAC.

"Phasing of missiles into the command is simply a matter of adapting a new weapon to an already proven global operation. Over its brief 12-year history, SAC has developed a worldwide organization — equaled by no other—for communication, intelligence, reconnaissance, and logistics. These same highly developed systems will be used to employ the



SAC's success depends upon the competence of its men and reliability of its equipment. Quality maintenance is the key.

Munitions personnel load guns in the tail stinger of a Boeing B-52 *Stratofortress*. SAC bombers are kept ready for any alert.

missiles as they enter the SAC inventory. The only difference will be the method of delivering the payload to the target."

Sites for units of the 1st Missile Division are being constructed at Cooke AFB in Calif., and Francis E. Warren AFB in Wyo. At Patrick AFB, Fla., SAC's first missile squadron has been activated under the 8th Air Force. It will be equipped with the *Snark*, a 5,000-mile range, jet-powered missile which flies at near sonic speeds and carries a nuclear warhead. Upon completion of its training, the squadron will operate from a multimillion dollar *Snark* launching site at Presque Isle, Maine. Other SAC missile squadrons will be established to use the *Thor* and *Jupiter* IRBMs from overseas locations and the *Atlas* and *Titan* ICBMs from continental sites.

What of Tomorrow?

What about SAC's future?

Gen. Thomas S. Power answers the question this way:

"As we receive increasing quantities of ballistic missiles, learn to improve their operational reliability and, above all, gain experience in their maintenance and use, SAC will modernize its strategic capability and continue to make aggression unacceptably expensive to the Soviets in the future.

"I cannot concur in the often expressed contention that missiles will

SAC's delivery capability still depends fundamentally upon its tried and tested "workhorse," the Boeing B-47 medium bomber. Although B-52s fly their missions mostly from SAC bases in the U. S., the backbone of SAC is still the smaller B-47.

soon replace all of our manned bombers, because I am convinced that a mixed force of the latest strategic missiles and bombers will be our best bet for the foreseeable future. What lies beyond that I would not even venture to guess because there are too many intangibles, too many unknowns, and too many unpredictables. For that matter, there may be technological breakthroughs not yet dreamed of and as revolutionizing as the jet engine and nuclear bomb, which could speed the obsolescence of the manned bomber and even the missile as we know it today."

And General Curtis E. LeMay, Air Force Vice Chief of Staff, adds, "We're not wedded to the bomber . . . We're wedded to getting the job done. The better the tool, the better we like it."

Regardless of the weapon, Strategic Air Command's mission will remain the same—to have such a ready striking force that the peace will be preserved.

Although flight crews on continuous alert may live at home on the base, they wear their flying suits and stick close to the phone. Above, Capt. William C. Stickler, B-52 AC at Loring AFB, "gets the word."

Maj. Russell G. Anderson, dials the famous red phone used to alert SAC's entire combat force within 30 seconds. Controllers are all experienced B-47 or B-52 pilots.

WAF do an outstanding job of manning telephone switchboard, part of SAC's worldwide communications network. Any portion of the global deterrent force can be reached instantly by radio, teletype, or telephone.

NOT AS AN AUTUMN LEAF

THE FIRST Technical Order was no doubt issued verbally in prehistoric times and probably consisted of something like the following: "Boys, hang onto the narrow end of the club—it works better that way."

The order was then passed along by word of mouth until the whole tribe was making like Babe Ruth with the warclubs.

Today, although the principle remains much the same, Technical Orders are neither so simply phrased nor so easily passed along. The clubs have been replaced with airplanes, many different kinds of airplanes, and there are different experts to maintain every inch of them. This requires a lot of complex Technical Orders to tell people how to take care of the weapons.

However, it must be remembered that the basic intent behind even the most complicated T.O. is simply to provide information as to what, when, where, why, and how to do something. T.O.s only appear cold, remote, and stuffy when they pertain to somebody else's job. When they apply to your own specialty, there's nothing so welcome or friendly. And there's nothing so handy to have at the right time as the right T.O.

T.O.s, although not hard to obtain, nevertheless do not fall like autumn leaves through the chain of command to end up miraculously at your file, desk, or workbench.

When you come right down to it, the responsibility for getting the T.O.s you want is strictly *yours*. T.O.s are ordered by your organization, for your organization. No other outfit is going to order them for you.

There is an officer in every Air Force organization responsible for ordering, filing, and distributing T.O.s.

Reprinted by permission from Convair's *Service News*. Changes from original are for currency.

He's the man to see when T.O. needs are anticipated. (It's important to *anticipate;* the time to order T.O.s is *before* the new equipment arrives, not after.) The responsible officer should have a copy of T.O. 00-5-2 "Distribution and Storage of Air Force Technical Order System Publications." This T.O. specifically advises him to find out *by interviewing the personnel concerned* what T.O.s to order. If he's on the ball with his interview, he'll have copies of numerical indexes (0-1 series Technical Orders). Utilizing your knowledge of your specialty and his knowledge of publications, you should be able to arrive at a list of T.O.s that will satisfy your requirements for many months to come. The interview will be largely wasted, however, if you fail to *anticipate* your needs.

And if this officer doesn't interview you, make it your business to see him!

The officer who is responsible for procuring the T.O.s is also responsible for keeping track of them. This means that you must sign for the book and take care of it after you get it. This is not because Uncle Sam is miserly with his paper, but because everyone connected with the T.O. distribution system is concerned with supplying you with the very latest information possible in the form of revisions and reissues. If you give the book to someone else, see that *he* is signed out for it. If you don't do this, he will have the book but *you* will get the revisions. This won't help him or the Air Force.

Ordinarily the officer responsible for obtaining the T.O.s will order them on a Publications Requirement Table. This table consists of a list of current technical publications and new publications under preparation, with a blank column for indicating the number of copies desired.

The Publications Requirement Table is forwarded through channels until it reaches an activity covered by a single distribution code number. Here the tables from various organizations are consolidated into a single comprehensive table, and this is submitted to Shelby Air Force Depot, Ohio. Completed Publications Requirement Tables are utilized by Shelby to establish a mailing list whereby new publications, future revisions, reissues, and supplements to existing publications will be forwarded to your organization automatically.

The Publications Requirement Table itself is reissued at least once every three years (but not more than once a year), and must be completely filled out again when reissued.

This doesn't mean that it is necessary to wait until the table is reissued to order new T.O.s. A revised Publications Requirement Table may be submitted at any time.

Air Force Form 104B (AFTO Form 97 when available) augments the Publications Requirement Table system of distribution and provides a means of ordering replacement copies of publications and one-time requirements for publications. However, it is *not* intended as a substitute for the Publications Requirement Table system of distribution and should not be so used. The point is that the Form 104B is a once-only proposition; you get just what you order but no more. There is no provision for automatic distribution of revisions, reissues, or supplements.

In particular, Form 104B should be used for the following purposes: (1) In conjunction with submitted Publication Requirement Tables to obtain basic publications and revisions that have been previously printed and distributed (T.O.s dated in numerical indexes); (2) To order replacement copies for lost or wornout publications; and (3) To obtain one-time issue of pub- Form 104B until it appears in the numerical index.

It should be noted that a T.O. cannot be ordered on Form 104B until it appears in the numerical index.

Classified and unclassified publications should be ordered on separate requisitions.

To summarize, assume that a new T.O. file is to be created in an organization. The following steps are necessary:

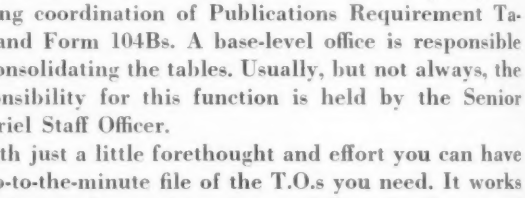
(1) Requisition T.O. needs on Air Force Form 104B. List needs on the Publications Requirement Table at the same time. This will assure that revisions, reissues, and new publications will be delivered when available.

(2) When T.O. requirements change, order basic issue T.O.s on Form 104B. Revise necessary pages of the Publications Requirement Table to reflect new requirements.

(3) New Publications Requirement Tables are issued at least once every three years, usually more often. Completely fill out the reissued table, listing all current and anticipated needs. Return it to Shelby prior to indicated date for receipt.

(4) Check base headquarters for specific policy regarding coordination of Publications Requirement Tables and Form 104Bs. A base-level office is responsible for consolidating the tables. Usually, but not always, the responsibility for this function is held by the Senior Materiel Staff Officer.

With just a little forethought and effort you can have an up-to-the-minute file of the T.O.s you need. It works a lot better than waiting for a "falling leaf" type of distribution!



Anything, Anywhere, Anytime

That's the motto of the 1710th Aerial Port Squadron—*and they deliver.*

by M/Sgt. Ed Blair

(Editor's note: Staff writer Edison Blair returned in December after nearly three months at McMurdo Sound and points south. In this article he tells the story of the 1710th Aerial Port Squadron. Next month THE AIRMAN *will carry his story of overall Air Force operations in the South Polar Regions.)*

EVEN WITH plenty of fuel and food, mere existence in Antarctica, where temperatures of minus 90 degrees are common, is a tough task. Forty men wintering at Byrd Station on Rockefeller Plateau and at the Geographic South Pole looked to the heavens last November for their life-giving fuel and food supplies.

And their fuel and food supplies came from the heavens—pushed out of MATS C-124 *Globemaster IIs* by airdrop crews of the 1710th Aerial Port Squadron.

Despite the world's worst weather and days of radio blackout conditions, nearly 800 tons of fuel, food, and equipment were parachuted from planes of the 53rd Troop Carrier Squadron in less than 30 operational days.

There were 3,200 steel barrels of fuel, gasoline, and lube oil that weighed an average of 425 pounds each. Food was in Conex containers —corrugated metal boxes that measure 8 x 6 x 6 feet. Equipment came in various shapes and sizes. Heaviest were a 13,700-pound tractor and a weasel; oddest shaped were a drill rig housing and slender 20-foot sections of coring drills. Lightest was a 20-pound Christmas tree. Everything that dropped bore the fingerprints of the aerial port men.

Based at Donaldson AFB, S. C., the 1710th Aerial Port Squadron is the only one of its kind in MATS. It came to MATS along with the 62d and 63rd Troop Carrier Wings that were transferred from Tactical Air Command last July. In Antarctica, the torn and sometimes dirty cold-weather clothing, the lagging step, and the red-rimmed eyes in bearded faces belied the fact that these men were part of an elite combat corps. Their motto, "We haul or drop anything, anywhere, anytime," is no idle boast. They proved again that they could drop tractors complete with tracks, and eggs, without a crack.

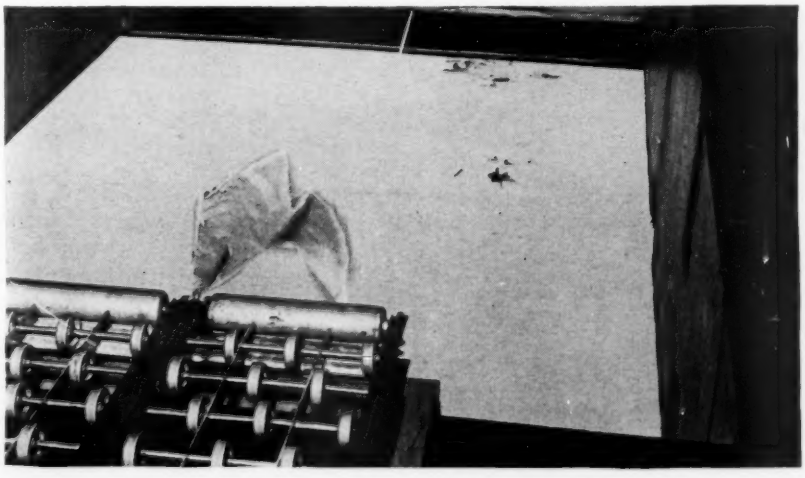
By AFS the detachment of men assigned to the 53rd TCS to support Operation Deepfreeze III were loadmaster-dropmasters, vehicle maintenance men, air passenger- and freight-specialists, parachute riggers, radio technicians, and combat controllers. In the Antarctic they became aerial stevedores and "barrel-humpers."

T/Sgt. Richard J. Patton is a combat controller trained as a radio operator and control-tower operator. Pat also wears paratrooper's wings earned the hard way at the Army's jump school at Ft. Benning, Ga. In 1956 he became the first man in history to parachute to the South Pole where he directed by radio the air-dropping of materials the Navy Seabees used to build the IGY station. Last year he helped "hump" oil barrels from the snowdrifts at McMurdo Sound onto pallets, then paradropped them to the pole and Byrd Station.

But should war come, his real job would be to jump along with other specialists like his sidekick, S/Sgt. William A. "Mumbles" Fitzgerald, and set up the drop zone for an advanced airhead. They practice with the airborne infantry and handle air-ground communications for the airborne assault troops. Their control tower would be operating when the first transport lands, bringing other members of the squadron who can set up fully operational passenger and freight facilities to rival that at any MATS terminal.

"I've got the best damn bunch of

A parachute blossoms in a C-124's open well that frames a crippled Navy plane and part of the IGY South Pole Station in the snow below.



M/Sgt. Tom Lee, right, discusses drop procedures with chief guide of New Zealand Antarctic expedition.

Loading long crates with elevator hoist was easy. Parachuting them was a problem the dropmaster had to solve.

men in the Air Force," declares Lt. Col. Michael Zinkovich, the squadron commander. "Good NCOs make the outfit. I have no bad ones. That statement includes my detachment at Larson AFB, Wash., with the 62d TCS and the one at Recife, Brazil."

As if to prove his statement, Col. "Z," as he is called when out of earshot, left Antarctica after the first half dozen drops and went back to Donaldson. The detachment and the rest of the operation were left in the capable hands of M/Sgt. Thomas A. Lee. Lee spent seven of his 17 years' service in the Field Artillery then enlisted in the Air Force to become first sergeant in transportation and aerial port squadrons before he cross-trained into the loadmaster-dropmaster field. Like all of his men in Antarctica, he wore several hats —detachment commander, first sergeant, dropmaster—and he even helped hump some of the barrels.

The POL, jato bottles, spare parts, and anything else that would fit, were dropped in A-22 containers. These were simply plywood pallets with canvas covers and web straps that buckled the load into a bundle. Eight hundred of the pallets were bottomed with 8 to 12 inches of corrugated paper "honeycomb" that absorbed the landing shock in the snow. In a sense the bundles were free fallen since the slotted extraction chutes were intended to stabilize the bundles rather than support them, and keep them upright so that they landed on the honeycomb cushion.

Since the chutes were nonrecoverable, the extraction chutes (like those used for brakes on fast landing jets) were much cheaper than regular full-canopy parachutes. The chutes still cost about $1,000 per net ton of cargo dropped. They were not a total loss however, because men at the stations collected them to cover their supplies and roof over their snow tunnels thus adding protection from the wind and snow.

The worst job was manhandling the barrels and equipment onto the foot-high pallets that liked to skid on the hard snow crust. Except for a few heavyweights like Lee, 200-pound T/Sgt. George D. McNamara, A/2Cs William R. Stevens and Kenneth S. Self, most of the men in the detachment were lean welterweights at best. Sometimes when the flying weather was good, they worked up to 30 hours straight rigging and dropping a load, sleeping enroute to and from drop zone. But an aircraft never had to wait for them.

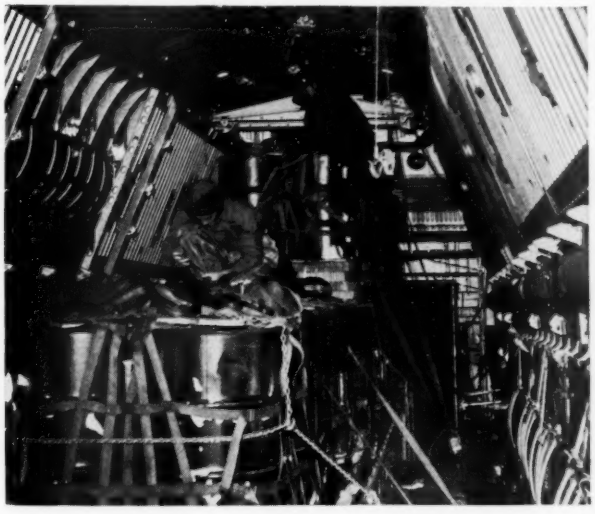
McNamara, who was promoted to master sergeant before the operation was finished, is an oldtimer in the business. Mac got his loadmaster training on-the-job during the Berlin Airlift. He learned the airdrop part of his AFSC the same way in 1951 on the Dew line. Only one of the 12 tractors he has rigged and dropped has clobbered; and that was because the opening shock of four 100-foot parachutes caught a suspension line on a sharp metal edge. The rest were delivered in driving condition. Like most 1710th men, Mac has spent about half his time in cold-weather operations. They had a month of summer weather last year between operations at Thule, Greenland, the IGY station on T-3 in the Arctic, Dew line resupply, and Operation Deepfreeze. "We are aerial delivery men," McNamara proudly declares. "We can rig and drop anything that will fit in an airplane."

The 1710th took more than 1,300 parachutes of all types with them for Phase III of Deepfreeze and used most of them. But first they had to be aired and repacked at the New Zealand Air Force's Wigram Airdrome in Christchurch before the drops started. A/1C Leonard L. Bunton and A/2C Frank J. Costa were the only two parachute riggers in the group. But both Patton and Fitzgerald as well as T/Sgt. Robert J. Robertson, a former paratrooper, had all learned to rig, so these five supervised the "all hands" rigging and packing of the cargo chutes.

By aerial port standards, the Deepfreeze support mission wasn't a really big job so only 33 men were sent down to get it done. They spent a month in New Zealand packing the chutes, cutting the honeycomb

JATO bottles filled with explosives were packaged carefully but eggs and tractors got the same care.

Drop crews fit 15 tons of fuel oil with parachutes enroute to the drop zone in a MATS C-124 *Globemaster II*.



to size, and banding it to the 800 pallets. When most of them moved out to McMurdo Sound early last October, three airmen were left behind at Harewood International Airport in Christchurch to run the passenger and freight terminal. They were supervised by T/Sgt. Samuel A. West, S/Sgt. James W. Howard, or other NCOs who rotated between the ice and New Zealand. In two months they processed 260 tons of cargo and more than 600 passengers between New Zealand and Antarctica.

There were no slackers—those who felt like loafing got a special lecture with no punches pulled from their teammates. The 1710th is a proud outfit and they looked after their own discipline in their own way. Only one man was "chewed out" personally by Colonel "Z" before he left and it was done in private.

The A/2C was confined to his barracks with the flu and was unable to sleep one night. An aircraft came in and had to be offloaded. Instead of waking a buddy who was supposed to do it, the airman decided to do it himself. The colonel gave him "hell" and reminded him that "sick men aren't worth a damn to this operation. When the doctor tells you to stay in bed, do it."

The people in Task Force 43 appreciated their accomplishments. Mobile Construction Battalion, Special, the Navy Seabee outfit, singled out the 1710th for a "Well Done" party. The Seabee boss, Lt. Comdr. William Flynn, an ex-flyweight fighter more noted as a construction engineer than for flowery words, paid them tribute. While they drank his punch, he told them sincerely:

"I don't know all your names, but I know your work. The Navy can commend you. You've done a swell job."

Captain Earland Hedbloom, the colorful senior medical officer in Antarctica, compared them to football linemen. "Some players carry the ball and get the glory, some make it possible. I salute you linemen of the Air Force who've done the blocking for this operation."

Before the speechmaking got out of hand, a salty chief in the background yelled, "Hey, Captain. Let's make them allies."

Then before this detachment of the 1710th Aerial Port Squadron got home to Donaldson AFB in time for Christmas, Rear Admiral George Dufek, Commander of Naval Support Forces in Antarctica, sent a personal message to the Air Force Chief of Staff, General Thomas D. White.

"Without the special skills, courage, and tireless devotion to duty of the airdrop experts of the 1710th Aerial Port Squadron, the job could not have been done as effectively as it was. To all, my thanks for a tough job well done."

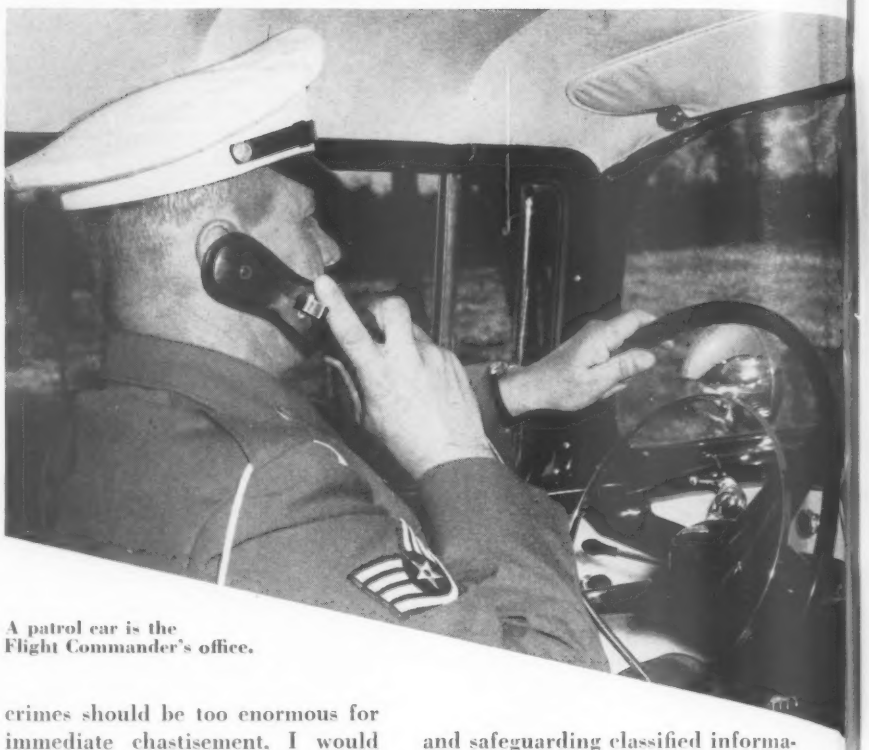
After load is rigged, S/Sgt. Edward Wilson checks his own personnel chute.

Humping a 447-pound barrel of oil onto a slithery platform is hard work.

The Man in the White Cap

Security specialist, investigator, patrolman, defender, and friend-in-need—the AP is a vital member of the Air Force team.

by Lt. Col. T. A. Fleek
Office of the Provost Marshal, Hq USAF



A patrol car is the Flight Commander's office.

BACK IN THE DAYS when Rome was garrisoning her troops around most of the civilized world, the Governor of one Roman province—Bithynia—finally grew downright perturbed over the way some of those troops were carrying-on in the local towns. It seems the boys from the XIVth Legion, for instance, would run into a cohort or two from the XVIth and they'd exchange remarks like: "So you guys think you had it rough down in Africa? Boy, you shoulda been where we was last winter, up in them forests in northern Gaul. Then you'da seen what's what!"

This would lead, naturally enough, to differences of opinion, and in the settlement of these differences, it would sometimes happen that a local grogshop, plus several of the patrons, would be entered on the casualty lists.

The Governor took a dim view of such goings-on. In fact, he finally wrote direct to the Emperor Trajan himself, skipping all intermediate channels on the way. Trajan wrote back:

"If any persons shall act contrary to the discipline I have enjoined, let them be instantly corrected, or if they happen to be soldiers, and their crimes should be too enormous for immediate chastisement, I would have them sent to their officers, with an account of the particular misdemeanor you shall find they have been guilty of."

Thus was born the DR (or OR, as we call it now, for offense report) and probably along with it the first MP town patrol. This was a little more than 2,000 years ago.

In some respects things haven't changed much since. As far as policing responsibilities of the armed services are concerned, one of the primary jobs is still enforcement of discipline and maintenance of law and order.

But other things have changed, even if human nature hasn't. The security and protection of Air Force personnel and materiel are today the primary concerns of the USAF Air Police. The word "security" alone covers a multitude of responsibilities. In commands and on installations with a direct combat mission it means protection of the vital elements of our modern, highly complex weapon systems. That's why the AP needs a knowledge of ground defense tactics and weapons, security systems, and procedures for handling and safeguarding classified information and material.

On any base, regardless of the mission, "security" means the well being and peace of mind of the people who live and work on that base. The AP is the man who guides their school-age children safely through the traffic. He's the one whose patrolling through the long hours of the night keeps the housing area safe and secure. He finds lost pets and strayed youngsters. He is first on the scene in flood, fire, tornadoes, or accidents—always ready and on call in emergencies, morning, night, or noon; Christmas Eve, New Year's, or Easter Sunday. The AP's job knows no holidays.

On town patrol duty too, much of the AP's work consists of giving help and taking care of people. He takes his cue from the AFR on town patrols which says one of his main purposes is "to give assistance and information" and that "the patrols will not control the way a member of the Armed Forces uses his free time unless the person's actions would be harmful to his health and welfare or would discredit the military service."

The AP's patrol activities are, of course, the most obvious and easily noticed part of his duties, but much of his work is of the type which doesn't readily come to public notice. He has to have a knowledge of base defense tactics and stay proficient through practice. He must know how to conduct investigations of minor criminal cases and accidents, be familiar with Air Force correction policies and operating methods (what used to be called the guardhouse system), and traffic control principles and methods. He may be called upon to testify at courts-martial, which demands a knowledge of the basic rules of evidence and how to conduct himself as a witness. He recently gained another job when the Provost Marshal, and through him the Air Police, became responsible for establishing and enforcing an Air Force fish and wildlife conservation program.

As these numerous job requirements developed, it became apparent there would have to be a change in the method of providing people to do the job. In the period between World Wars I and II, there was no regularly assigned Corps of Military Police. A few supervisory personnel were assigned to the police job full-time, but most of the manpower came from extra-duty rosters.

Interior guard wasn't a particularly difficult job. Highly formalized, the General Orders were the bible, and usually the sentry's main responsibility was that he walk his post in a military manner. If a man was picked for town patrol rather than sentry duty he was given a 15-minute briefing, a brassard, usually paired with someone more experienced, and sent forth to keep an eye on the way the boys were behaving.

Today, although some bases may still use extra-duty rosters to augment the Air Police in performance of their guard duties, in general, the men wearing the white caps and armbands are assigned directly to the AP career field. It's their primary job.

Perhaps the best way to get an idea of what the AP's job is like is to take the case of typical Air Policeman A/1C Joe Blank, and watch and talk with him as he goes about his business of being an AP.

You probably noticed Joe this morning as you came on base. He was the one in the shiny black boots, white cap, and neatly pressed uniform who checked your pass and waved you on. He went on duty at seven o'clock and if we drop in at the gatehouse early this afternoon to see how he's getting along, we can bet on one thing—he'll be tired of giving directions, checking passes, saluting (he's probably ready to swear that every officer on the base went in and out that gate at least three times), and standing. There's been little chance to sit down and relax. It could have been worse though. Sometimes extra Air Police detail takes all available manpower and there's no one left for chow relief. Then Joe may have to find time for a sandwich and a cup of coffee on the job.

When it comes to talking about his work, Joe doesn't regard himself as any stalwart pillar of law and order or guardian of our freedom exemplified, but he does believe that what he's doing is an important job, that it's interesting, and, taken all in all, has its good points.

As for how he came to be an Air Policeman—well, he says it was mainly by chance. He didn't come in with any preconceived idea of becoming an AP, but when he found that men were needed for the career field and he was qualified for it, he made a more or less snap decision and volunteered for the assignment.

Since the one Air Police school can't handle all the men assigned to the field, Joe's initial training was through OJT. It's still continuing, incidentally, for the AP career field is one where training never stops, whether it's the classroom type or through practical experience. Joe's been on the job for about three years now and is willing to admit he's still learning.

He isn't assigned to regular gate duty. Sometimes he pulls town patrol, or he may be on motor patrol, or out on the ramp with a rifle on his shoulder. He works nine days, then has a three-day break. He changes shifts every three days and occasionally, while his flight is on the day shift, is picked for alert team duty. When this happens he may or may not be excused from regular duty during the daylight hours but in any event, he spends the next eight hours in the alert room at Central Security Control. This is a regularly rotated assign-

Every day is inspection day.

Twin Sentries—Land and Air.

ment. It provides a five-man sabotage alert team that's always ready to give a sentry the instantaneous backing he needs if he runs into trouble.

Joe's flight goes on the four to midnight shift tomorrow and he figures that if he's lucky he'll draw the base motor patrol assignment. The first two hours on that particular job are usually busy ones, mainly spent in directing a lot of traffic that is trying to get off the base in short order. But along about 6:30 things quiet down considerably.

He may, of course, draw a different assignment; security patrol, on foot, guarding the big metal birds out on the ramp and the parking aprons where working conditions are the least pleasant. In certain areas it's a lonely job. In cold and rainy weather it can be a miserable one. In any case, it's long and tiring and the rifle that goes with it gains about two pounds with every passing hour. It's a tremendously important job though, and that knowledge makes it more bearable.

Joe knows well enough that the size, complexity, and striking power of those sleek, sweptwing aircraft make them a lucrative target for a would-be saboteur. Let an enemy cripple enough of them on the ground and he could afford to take his own time about finishing things off. That's why men like Joe pull these never ending patrols—to make certain that something like this never happens.

Some of the men in Joe's squadron draw security patrol regularly because they've volunteered to enter into a working partnership with a sentry dog. These four-footed, sharp-fanged, ninety pounds of tough, wiry muscle have radarlike senses and fear nothing. The men who work with the dogs claim that if they had to take their choice between them or a weapon, they'd take the dog.

Joe's not a sentry dog man himself and he's never been particularly anxious to take up that kind of work. He can remember one particular night, however, when he wished fervently for a while that he had.

Joe was on post 10, an unlighted section of the parking apron out near some rough, wooded terrain. It was chilly, raining off and on, and the wind was driving the low lying, occasionally broken clouds before it. Now and then there'd be a short-lived glimmer of moonlight, just enough to give a momentary, ghostly effect, and then the dark would close in again and the wind would come whistling in on a deep, mournful note.

He had been on post about four hours; long enough to be tired and jumpy. He'd stopped momentarily under the wing of one of his dark, brooding charges to shrug his raincoat up a little tighter around his shoulders and shift his rifle from one shoulder to the other. He was just starting out again, down to the end airplane whose outline was little more than a formless shape against the darkness of the sky, when he suddenly heard behind him what sounded like a stealthy scuffling across the concrete.

He froze in his tracks for a fraction of a second, then quickly wheeled about. The rifle came off his shoulder and into the ready position in one sudden movement. Tense and straining, he tried to penetrate the darkness as he reached cautiously with his free hand for his flashlight. He raised the light slowly and pressed the button, but the beam did little more than throw into relief the dancing silver streaks of rain that had started to come down again. Joe swung the light slowly over to the side. As he did, he saw from the corner of his eye

a sudden rush of shadow or an object that flitted briefly across the ground and disappeared behind the airplane.

That was enough. Joe didn't waste any time standing around and shouting "Who's there?" He knew that if some saboteur was stalking him out there in the dark, he wasn't going to answer. Joe also knew that he wasn't expected to fight a major holding action by himself. His first job was to get help on the scene. To reach the field phone installed in a special callbox at the edge of the apron took only a few seconds, and to get the alert through took only a few more. There was solid comfort in the knowledge that the men of the sabotage alert team were probably on their way even before he had time to hang up.

And they were—fast. Even Airman Blank had to admit that, despite the fact that just one minute can seem to stretch into an eternity when you're alone in a spot like that. The team members arrived, piled out of the vehicle, fanned out, and went into action.

By the time the short hair along his neck had stopped prickling and settled down again, even a stray jackrabbit couldn't have stayed hidden out there. Whatever had been there in the first place—if anything—was there no longer. And though Joe found himself alone again too soon for his liking, he was at least heartened by the knowledge that if any person or persons had designs on him or on these airplanes, this display of fast reinforcement would probably cause them to change their minds.

For the rest of the night he was ready to admit that under certain conditions a sentry dog really might be man's noblest friend.

That was only one night, though. By the time Joe drew town patrol duty the next week he'd practically forgotten the whole thing. In fact he did forget it completely later on when the city police called him and his partner out to assist in investigation of a messy situation. An airman who owned a new, fast car was trying to disprove by practical experiment that two material objects can't occupy the same space at the same time. The experiment wasn't a success, and the fact that Joe had known the boy well wasn't exactly conducive to a calm and dispassionate accident investigation. Joe was heartsick as well as weary when he came back to the base that morning.

Such incidents though are out of the ordinary, he'll tell you. Much of his work is routine—checking passes at restricted area gates, riding a motor patrol or walking a security post for an uneventful eight hours, standing honor guard formations for visiting dignitaries, checking cars in and out the main gate, directing traffic, escorting prisoners, standing guard mount, on alert in the ready room—these are some of the main ways in which an Air Policeman spends his time.

If Joe were to philosophize on which particular phase of his work is the most difficult, he'd probably come up with the subject of human relations. The AP represents a contradiction of the old military axiom that authority and rank go hand in hand; that authority, in fact, belongs to rank. In Air Police work, authority comes by virtue of job assignment.

What the Air Policeman has to remember is that he's not wielding individual authority, but is vested with the particular authority of the base commander. When he enforces the regulations he does so in the name of his commander, which is why he is authorized to stop a colonel for speeding as readily as an airman third class.

An AP can't proceed on the basis of assumptions either. He has to know he's right and stand firm in that knowledge. The officer who's on the flight line in a major's uniform without a flight-line pass may really be there on legitimate business and may become very indignant because he's questioned. But when the AP is enforcing security regulations he can't afford to be overawed by rank. If such were the case, the quickest and easiest way for an enemy agent to bypass all our security precautions would be to get himself a uniform with eagles on the shoulders and proceed on his merry way.

Knowing when and how to be firm is one of the most difficult things to learn. It would help considerably if everyone realized the spot that the AP is in and didn't try to lean on his own rank whenever something wasn't quite to his liking. Joe will probably assure you though, that it's only the occasional few who try to throw their weight around. Most people are pretty reasonable.

Our conversation comes to a halt momentarily. Joe consults his watch and says apologetically that he doesn't mean to change the subject, but if we don't mind, there's a certain party in town who's expecting him to call in an hour or so, and it's getting kind of late.

So we terminated this particular interview, gave Joe our thanks, and took our leave.

Such, then, is the job of the Air Policeman, as exemplified by A/1C Joe Blank, Senior Air Policeman, AFSC 77150.

Whether or not Joe realizes it, he shares a distant kinship with the Roman legionary of 2,000 years ago who probably griped and grumbled in the modern fashion when his name came up on the guard roster, and who carried a mace instead of a nightstick as his symbol of authority. Admittedly, the methods of applying both that authority and its symbol have changed somewhat and the job of the modern AP is far more complicated than the old legionary ever dreamed of. But in one respect, at least, their special orders haven't changed a bit:

"If they happen to be soldiers, and their crimes should be too enormous for immediate chastisement, I would have them sent to their officers, with an account of the particular misdemeanor you shall find they have been guilty of."

Human nature being what it is, chances are there won't be much change in the next 2,000 years.

Three bedroom, waterfront unit—part of Eglin AFB, Fla., Capehart project.

A Progress Report on

FAMILY HOUSING

by M/Sgt. Paul J. Turner

Family Housing, in the September 1957 issue of THE AIRMAN, presented the background and current plans of the Air Force housing program. The progress of this program is of vital interest to every USAF family man who has ever had the brow-wrinkling experience of locating a set of family quarters.

For USAF housing officials, the program represents the individual problem multiplied a thousandfold. The planners are concerned with providing housing for some 246,000 families in the ZI and overseas for whom housing construction is authorized.

It is estimated 78,000 families occupy adequate private housing at reasonable rental rates and convenient locations.

A year ago, 76,500 adequate government and Wherry units were available in six types of housing projects. At that time, there was still a 91,500-unit deficit in the housing needs of USAF families.

Since then, an ambitious program, bolstered by Title VIII of the National Housing Act of 1955 (Capehart), has been aimed point-blank at this deficit. Included in the new construction program were 47,700 Capehart houses, 7,000 units in the military construction program (MCP), 7,300 surplus-commodity houses, and 2,000 additional rental-guarantee dwellings. These 64,000 units, when completed, will offset two-thirds of the deficit.

Capehart is blossoming into new housing developments at over 20 ZI bases. More than 15,000 of these units have been completed or are under construction. The remaining 32,000, earmarked for 31 other installations, are in various stages of design.

Providing a "new look in military housing" Capehart family dwellings have a $16,500 average cost limitation. Project designs provide comfortable two, three, and four bedroom houses of single and duplex construction. In addition to making the individual homes as modern as tomorrow, complete community design insures a modernistic and practical residential area on or near each base. At Tyndall AFB, Fla., for example, 420 units are nearing completion. Included in the new community are the project's own sewage-disposal plant, bulk gas-storage plant, 150,000-gallon elevated water storage tank, four miles of streets and water mains, 10 miles of sanitary and two miles of storm sewers, nine miles of gas pipe, four miles of primary electrical wire, 140 acres of lawn, 14,000 garden plants, and 4,000 new trees.

Typical of Capehart housing, each Tyndall unit includes a kitchen complete with disposal unit, range, and refrigerator; central heating and air conditioning; spacious living-dining room area; large closets and storage rooms; and enclosed service yard, car port, and patio.

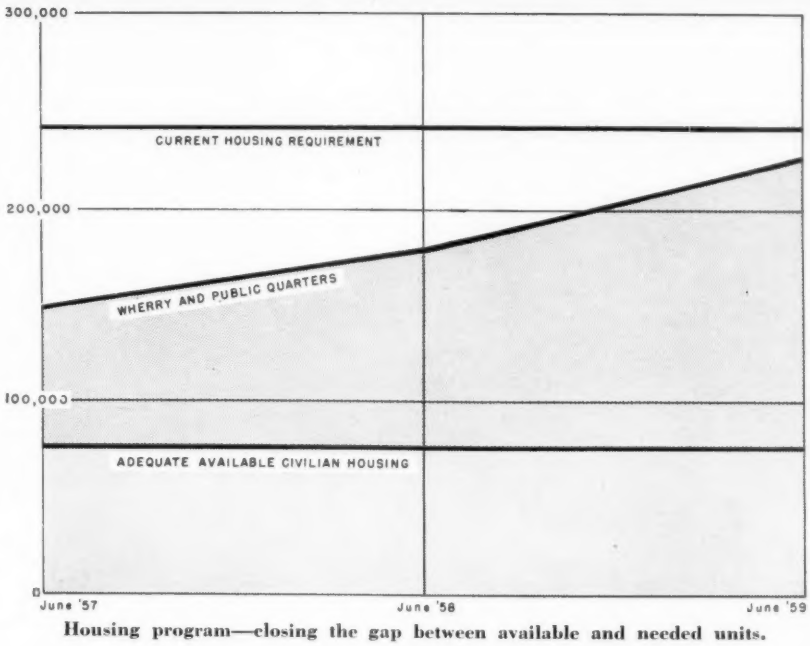
Although design features and construction material vary in different geographic areas, each project is planned for comfort, suitability, and convenience. Of the first 21 projects, 18 are physically located on or adjacent to the bases and the remaining three average but one mile from their bases. This proximity is well

within the commuting distances established by AFR 93-18 (ADC—three miles or five minutes; SAC—10 miles or 20 minutes; and other commands—15 miles or 30 minutes).

In addition to the ever-increasing number of Capehart projects, 40 percent of the 7,000 modern MCP houses are complete; 30 percent of the 7,300 surplus-commodity dwellings are under contract; and of the 2,000 new rental-guarantee units 75 percent are under construction.

Supplementing the new construction program are some 62 Wherry housing projects which are being considered for Air Force acquisition. The Wherry program provided some 37,107 units of which the Air Force has already acquired over 12,000. Wherever new Capehart projects are started the Air Force has a mandatory requirement to purchase any local Wherry project. Acquisition of Wherry is welcome news to airmen also because increased rentals resulting from higher taxes, hikes in utilities costs, and other factors will in many cases be offset by government ownership.

Although Air Force housing officials admit that the program projected through FY '59 will not completely eliminate housing shortages, they are confident that the Capehart program will ease housing problems in critical areas and provide Air Force families with the best government housing they have ever enjoyed.



Housing program—closing the gap between available and needed units.

Modern kitchens—a Capehart feature.

M/Sgt. and Mrs. Charles Remphrey and children relax with TV in new Capehart unit at Sewart AFB, Tenn.

AIRMAN'S WORLD

BLUE RIBBON

A check for $1,000 and a first place medallion were awarded to USAF's M/Sgt. Charles E. Buchanan at the annual Freedoms Foundation awards dinner at Valley Forge, Pa., February 22, Washington's birthday.

His letter on the subject, "My Job: Protecting America's Freedoms," was adjudged the best among thousands of entries from military personnel of nearly all ranks and representing every branch of the Armed Forces.

Sergeant Buchanan, presently assigned to MATS' 1709th Technical Training Wing, Palm Beach AFB, Fla., is a veteran of nearly 18-years' service and a survivor of the infamous Bataan death march. He was liberated early in 1945 after three years' imprisonment.

Buchanan's award was not his first in the annual competition sponsored by this patriotic organization. In 1953 he received a George Washington honor medal in recognition of his letter entry on the subject, "What America Means to Me."

He has also won several awards in USAF short story contests including four first place prizes in base level events.

(See back cover for a copy of Sergeant Buchanan's winning letter.)

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THE AIR AROUND US

General Electric Co. has announced successful development of a new device which uses air pressure to generate electricity and air as a lubricant.

Dubbed the *turbonator*, it weighs less than 100 pounds yet can produce 40,000 watts of 400-cycle current—enough electricity for more than 100 average homes. A small turbine wheel is mounted on the electric generator shaft. Either ram air or air from engine compressors is directed at the turbine wheel. While driving the wheel, the air becomes so cool it can be used for air conditioning. Also, the same air, forced between main rotating parts, serves as a lubricant in place of grease or oil.

According to General Electric, the development could be a significant step forward in the heat thicket battle. For future aircraft, the speeds of which will generate temperatures over 600 degrees F., the device could provide a power-generating system without outside cooling sources.

OFF HOURS

Commanders were cautioned recently to review and comply with the contents of all-commands letter from the DCS/Operations, Hq USAF, dated October 21, 1957.

The letter, concerning the operating hours for commissary sales stores and base exchanges, directed installation commanders to assure that operating hours of these functions do not coincide exactly with base "work hour" schedules. In short, every effort should be made to assure that these stores stay open for at least a portion of their operating schedules, beyond normal duty hours.

Personnel utilizing these functions are cautioned to conduct their normal shopping during these off-duty periods. Proper coordination of such operations will asssure a minimum loss of time from normal Air Force duties.

MACH MOCK MISSION

A new boom has put new boom in the aerial gunnery business. Double talk? Hardly. One of the principal problems that has faced supersonic aircraft pilots in the past has been lack of gunnery practice at supersonic speeds.

Now, through the addition of a simple temporary boom device, North American F-100 *Super Sabres* may be fitted as tow aircraft.

The boom is 10 feet long, two inches in diameter, and fastens to the aircraft in place of the inspection door on the underside of the fuselage. In flight, the boom can be lowered to about a 60-degree angle, and when not in use, it swings back against the aircraft's belly.

Targets are snatched from the ground after the aircraft is in flight. The target tow rope is placed between two upright standards. When the pilot lowers the boom and flies over the ground installation, he hooks the target, and climbs to the prearranged gunnery altitude, trailing the sleeve.

Operational testing has been successfully completed at TAC's George AFB, Calif.

SCOOP!

USAF may put all its faith in one basket—figuratively speaking.

Recent tests have proven conclusively the practicability of a new scoop-type basket for air-sea rescue operations in rough water.

Repeated USAF-Coast Guard tests showed successful rescues could be performed in less than five minutes, including the time necessary for assembly, rigging, lowering the basket, and returning it and the survivor safely to the helicopter.

The device, developed by Research, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., is rigged in such a manner that it may be slipped under an injured airman to lift both him and his raft. The basket eliminates the need for a rescuer to enter the water to assist the survivor. The complete unit weighs but 38 pounds, is collapsible, compact enough to be easily stored inside a chopper, and can be operated by one man.

THE WORD ON CLUBS

USAF has taken the official position that membership in open messes, service clubs, and officer, NCO, and airmen clubs is desirable, but associations to promote the welfare of special segments of the military are to be discouraged.

In short, groups which foster the welfare of a single rank within the military, rather than the common interests of all grades, appear to violate Air Force policy.

Although no written prohibition of such organizations exists, local commanders have been alerted to discourage the formation of such organizations within their jurisdiction. As a matter of general policy, USAF will not indorse any such group. It is felt that the present internal organizations are sufficient, but for those who feel the need for additional club facilities, nationally recognized veteran, fraternal, and social organizations are available.

★ ★ ★

SHAPE UP

Recent surveys have detected several misuses of the Uniformed Services Identification and Privilege Card (DD Form 1173) Hq USAF has announced.

The principal misuses are the failure to show the card when applying for civilian medical care, and nonsurrender of the form upon separation from the service.

Out of 273 cases of USAF dependents applying for civilian medical services, only one percent used the card. Commanders have been advised to caution all personnel that in the future, both military and civilian medical facilities will require DD Form 1173 for identification.

There also has been an increasing number of cases where personnel have failed to surrender the form upon separation from active duty. Paragraph 20, AFR 30-20 outlines in detail the situations which demand surrender of the card.

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DON'T CUT

Hq USAF has passed on to the field a new ruling concerning the wearing of T-shirts with the short-sleeved summer uniform shirt.

An AFPMP message (111467) states that although the T-shirt is exposed by the open shirt collar, it *is* a mandatory clothing item; therefore prohibiting its wear would force personnel to either purchase replacement items or alter the present T-shirt. Commanders and personnel have been assured that exposed T-shirts are acceptable with the prescribed uniform.

MOBILE BLOOD BANK

A mobile blood bank, in the truest sense, is the proud boast of members of the 810th AC&W Sq, Winston-Salem, N. C.

In addition to regular blood contributions to the American Red Cross, members of the unit have been organized into an emergency donor corps under the direction of T/Sgt. James A. Pruett, squadron dispensary medical supervisor.

The unique system was established in January 1957 as a result of an emergency plea for fresh blood over local radio stations. Fifteen airmen answered the call, and a novel organization was born.

Sergeant Pruett supervises and coordinates the program. He maintains rolls which list more than 100 volunteer donors by name, blood type, phone number, and address. An emergency call from a local hospital brings immediate action from the men of the 810th.

Proof of the success of the program is illustrated by a recent letter received by Maj. Clifford Keith, squadron commander, from the chairman of the ARC blood program of Winston-Salem.

"Just recently there was an emergency heart operation at a local hospital in which fresh blood was required. If it had not been for 18 men from your command that volunteered to furnish this blood, it might have meant the loss of this life. Thanks to your men, the patient is living and getting along very well. This is just another example of the many times your men have volunteered to help in this worthwhile life-saving program.

"On behalf of all Red Cross personnel, the many recipients of your donors, and all of the people of the county, many, many thanks for your splendid cooperation to the welfare of our community."

COMMAND CHANGE

Nellis AFB, Nev. has been transferred from Air Training Command to Tactical Air Command jurisdiction. The change was effective the first of this month.

It affords TAC control over the teaching of combat procedures to fighter pilots and the latest developments in nuclear weapons delivery.

THE BIG PAYOFF

More than 5,000,000 GI insurance policyholders will split a $262,000,000 dividend pie for 1958. An additional 820,000 policyholders will not participate in the big payoff, Veterans Administration officials have advised.

Some five million holders who have the letter *V* preceding their policy number, and 300,000 with *K* as the designator will split the multimillion dollar jackpot. VA officials say dividend checks should be in the mail shortly after the anniversary date of the policies, and warn that unnecessary inquiries should be withheld because they only delay processing time.

Four specific groups will not participate in the annual windfall. These are the 715,000 Korean and post-Korean veterans with policies bearing the letter designation, *RS;* 69,000 World War I and World War II veterans with policies designated *V* or *K* (those which veterans allowed to lapse and the VA automatically extended); 28,000 Korean and post-Korean veterans with policy designators *RH:* and 7,000 WW II veterans with the letter *H* as designator.

AIR AGE LIBRARY

In answer to a request (see Letters to the Editor, page 4) the following list of USAF Book Program selections, published in paperback form, comprise the first of such lists which will be published in THE AIRMAN as they become available.

Satellite, Erik Bergaust and William Beller, Bantam Books.

Serenade to the Big Bird, Bert Stiles, Ballantine Books.

Look of the Eagle, Brig. Gen. Robert L. Scott, Ace Books.

We Die Alone, David Horwarth, Ace Books.

Earth Satellites and the Race for Space Superiority, G. Harry Stine, Ace Books.

Aircraft Carrier, J. Bryan, III, Ballantine Books.

Breakaway, Wally Depew, Perma-Books.

One Minute to Ditch, Cornelius Ryan, Ballantine Books.

The High and the Mighty, Ernest K. Gann, Perma-Books.

The Four Winds, David Beatty, Popular Library.

Boldness be My Friend, Richard Pape, Popular Library.

Tomorrow, Philip Wylie, Popular Library.

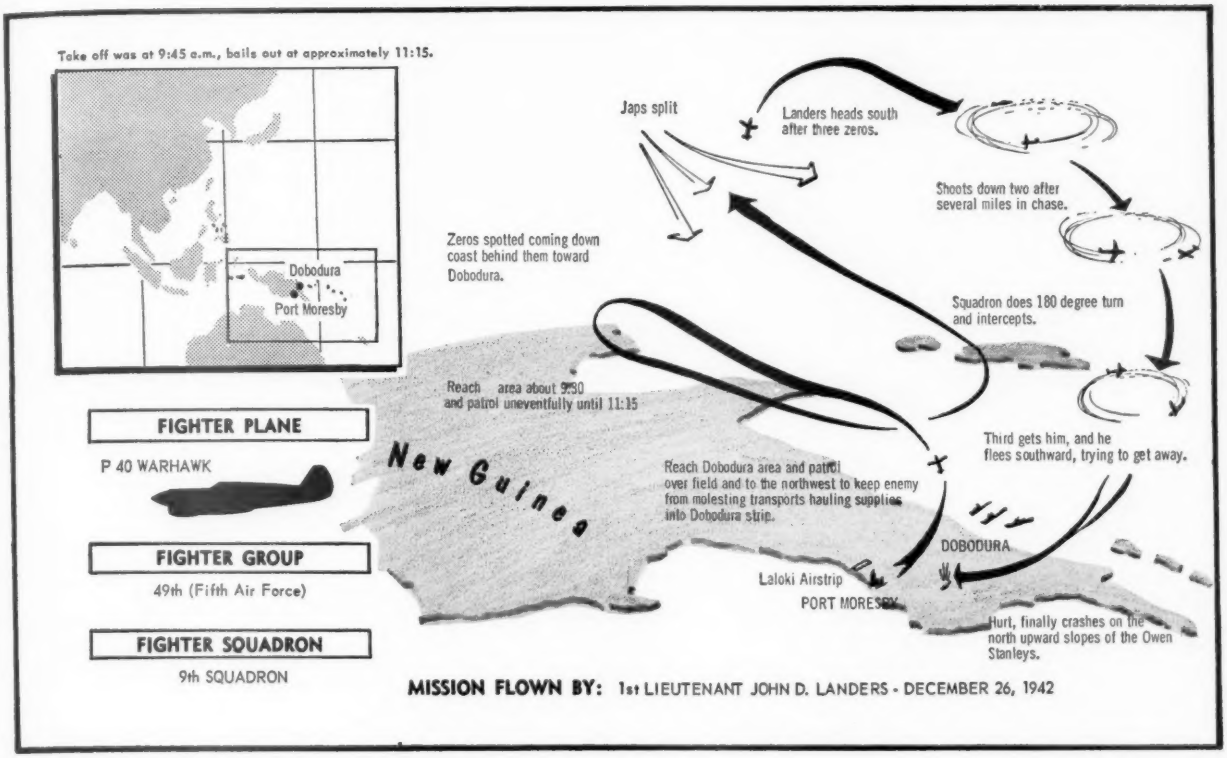
Slattery's Hurricane, Herman Wouk, Perma-Books.

Face of a Hero, Louis Falstein, Pocket Book.

Wind, Sand and Stars, Antoine de Saint Exupery, Bantam Books.

Troubling of a Star, Walt Sheldon, Bantam Books.

Air Bridge, Hammond Innes, Bantam Books.


Take off was at 9:45 a.m., bails out at approximately 11:15.
Dobodura
Port Moresby
FIGHTER PLANE
P 40 WARHAWK
FIGHTER GROUP
49th (Fifth Air Force)
FIGHTER SQUADRON
9th SQUADRON
Japs split
Landers heads south after three zeros.
Shoots down two after several miles in chase.
Zeros spotted coming down coast behind them toward Dobodura.
Squadron does 180 degree turn and intercepts.
Reach area about 9:30 and patrol uneventfully until 11:15
Third gets him, and he flees southward, trying to get away.
New Guinea
Reach Dobodura area and patrol over field and to the northwest to keep enemy from molesting transports hauling supplies into Dobodura strip.
DOBODURA
Laloki Airstrip
PORT MORESBY
Hurt, finally crashes on the north upward slopes of the Owen Stanleys.
MISSION FLOWN BY: 1st LIEUTENANT JOHN D. LANDERS - DECEMBER 26, 1942

CHASE OVER NEW GUINEA

by Edward H. Sims

From "American Aces in Great Fighter Battles of World War II" by Edward H. Sims, copyright 1957 by Edward H. Sims. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers.

The southernmost Pacific penetration by the Japanese in World War II, on the decisive pathway to Australia, was the southeastern tip of New Guinea. The high tide of the Japanese advance in this area came in September, 1942. In that month, Australians and Americans stopped five battalions of Japanese troops which had crossed the Owen Stanley Mountains and advanced on the capital city of Port Moresby, on the southeastern tip of New Guinea.

The struggle for New Guinea was marked by two years of bitter jungle fighting, numerous amphibious operations and steadily mounting aerial battles. It is to this campaign that we now turn to record one of the many memorable battles which eventually won for the Army Air Forces supremacy in this theater.

Of all the great American fighter aces of World War II, few had a more varied assortment of combat experiences than Lieutenant Colonel John D. Landers, of Fort Worth, Texas. Big, blonde and all-Texan, with a ready smile, Landers entered the Army as an aviation cadet in the spring of 1940 at the age of nineteen. In those dark days aviation cadets were not unaware that the United States was drifting close to war. They realized, too, that in the event of U. S. participation, they were certain to see action early—as the first echelon of Uncle Sam's mobilizing air strength.

—The Author.

The Army Air Corp fighter pilot class of December, 1941, was needed immediately on many fronts, and Landers did not have to wait long for overseas orders. In January of 1942 he departed Zone of the Interior (United States) for duty in the Pacific. Not long afterward he found himself in Darwin, Australia, flying the P-40—as Japanese forces steadily advanced nearer and nearer the British dominion.

Landers was transferred to New Guinea after several months' action at Darwin, and with the 49th Fighter Group there played an outstanding role in helping to stem the Japanese tide that moved so relentlessly across the Pacific in the early stages of the war.

He became an ace early, a more difficult feat in this phase of operations than it became later on—when American fighters were superior to Japanese models, and when American fliers usually met the enemy in even numbers, or better.

In the summer of 1943, having completed a combat tour of duty in the Pacific, Landers came back to the United States. He remained for six months, after which he requested reassignment to a combat area. He was ordered to England as combat replacement pilot, and soon was assigned to 357th Fighter Group, Eighth Air Force. In a short time he became the acting leader of 357th.

He was next named commanding officer of the 78th Group, stationed at Duxford. Landers flew a complete combat tour in England, and an extension, and had begun another when Germany collapsed. Having flown a Pacific tour, a European tour and extensions, Landers was not long in getting another combat assignment. While still in England he began to train and lead 361st Group, an assemblage of selected pilots scheduled to be sent to the Far East.

The Japanese surrender in August, 1945, finally ended Landers' chances of continuing combat and orders of 361st were canceled. He had been in action against the enemy, except for a six-month interval, since early 1942.

In his years of combat duty Landers flew practically every fighter in the Army Air Corps. He started out (in the Pacific) flying the P-40. After changing over to P-38's, and being transferred to Europe, he wound up piloting the P-47 and then the P-51 Mustang—the latest and longest-ranging American fighter in World War II.

In 1942—the year with which this chapter is concerned—there was no such thing as a P-51 Mustang; its dive-bombing sire, the A-36, was just being acquired by the U.S.A.A.F. Landers was stationed on New Guinea with 49th Group, flying the P-40. American aerial strength in this theater was modest, and U.S. pilots usually went into combat outnumbered. In addition, American pilots suffered the hardships of primitive quarters and the ravages of diseases like malaria, which sometimes grounded half the group.

Surrounding Port Moresby in late 1942 were a number of fighter strips—Moresby being the center of a major build-up of Allied air power in this theater. One of these strips was Laloki, which had been hacked out of the jungle west of Moresby. Often squadrons staged into Laloki the morning of, or the day before, a mission, awaited orders, and took off from Laloki on their assignment. On Christmas Eve, 9th Squadron had been ordered to report at Laloki, near Moresby—for a mission to be flown on the 26th. Home of the 9th was Rorona—not far from Laloki.

At 4:30 A.M. the day after Christmas, First Lieutenant John Landers pushed aside mosquito netting above his box-springed mattress at Rorona (hauled with loving care from a Darwin hotel) and began to dress. When he reached for his shoes he picked up a brand-new pair of high-top G.I.'s. He always flew in low-quarter shoes, never liked the heavier G.I.'s. This morning he would give the G.I.'s a final try. It was an important, spur-of-the-moment decision.

The climate is always mild in New Guinea, so Landers wore no jacket as he stepped into the darkness outside. In his hand he carried an oxygen mask. An old house, serving as squadron mess hall, was 150 yards away, and he stepped off the yardage in businesslike manner. For him there would be no breakfast, but the usual coffee. There was no sugar or cream, but plenty of bully beef, of which Landers had long ago had his fill. Black coffee was breakfast, a contrast with the special Christmas breakfast the day before—ham and real dinkum fresh eggs, biscuits, butter, jam, oranges, and coffee.

Pilots around the table speculated about the day's mission. Best bets were the squadron would escort mediums to the north coast, or patrol over one of the newly acquired airstrips in the area. Gona, on the northern coast, had fallen to Australian troops December 9, and Buna to the 127th U.S. infantry regiment on the 14th. Installations and fields in these areas were being readied to support a further advance along the coast.

Landers checked in at the squadron's lounge room, next door, where pilots were awaiting the departure of the squadron's green fire truck, which had also been hauled from Darwin as official transportation for 9th Squadron. Piling into the truck in the December darkness, the twelve pilots and driver began the mile and a half trip to olive-green fighters dispersed on the edges of the field.

They were dropped off at the P-40's one by one. Each made a visual check of his aircraft and climbed down into the cockpit. As soon as the squadron leader turned over the rest started engines. It was a few minutes before six. Slowly they taxied to the northern end of the strip. Landers, ready to go, signaled his wing man. The two planes roared off down the runway almost abreast.

The first two Warhawks lifted off the runway and began a slow turn to the left. They were followed by five pairs, and in one large circle of the field the dozen green fighters were joined. Landers pointed the nose of his fighter—*Big Doll*—to the east and Laloki Field. He was Red Leader. The squadron was composed of three four-plane flights, Red, White, and Blue.

The sky began to brighten. The twelve green fighters of 9th Squadron, their rudders painted red as squadron identification, sliced upward into the eastern sky. In a few minutes Laloki came into view and Landers led his men down. They landed singly at the stage-in strip. Fighters taxied to the end of the runway and then off into the edges of palm trees. There maintenance crewmen busied themselves with camouflage work and checked aircraft. Gas trucks were ordered out to top tanks. Pilots walked to the field's operations tent nearby, where they were to await take-off instructions. Inside, Landers telephoned immediately for instructions. The others played cards or talked.

The 9th was to take off at 9:45 A.M. and proceed northward to the American airstrip at Dobodura, near the coast, patrol that area and to the northwest—in the direction of Japanese positions. Transport planes would be hauling supplies into Dobodura by air and the 9th Squadron was to see that the big, slow aircraft were not molested as they brought in much-needed stores. The 9th was to stay on patrol for two hours, then return home.

Landers put down the phone and explained the job to his squadron. From the looks of it, there wouldn't be much to it. Pilots relaxed—it was some time until take-off—and resumed cards, or reading. Minutes ticked away. Outside the sun was turning the tropical foliage to a bright green. Vision was excellent. (The only cause of canceled missions in this part of the Pacific Theater was weather—thunderheads, which built up over the Owen Stanley Mountains, to the north.) Landers walked out into the warm sunlight and looked at the sky. The weather man had been right—the sky to the north was relatively free of clouds.

It was 9 A.M. Landers broke up the card game and led the squadron outside

to camouflaged fighters. In ten minutes he was starting *Big Doll's* Allison. He taxied to the end of the runway; the other eleven fighters followed. Pushing throttle handle forward, Landers watched the mercury needle climb. The P-40 bounded down the prefab runway, Landers' wing man following just to the right, behind. The two fighters cut upward into the air before they reached the end. They circled to let the others catch up; then Landers set course northward at a steady rate of climb. It was 9:18.

The altimeter registered gains: 5,000, 6,000, 7,000 feet. Landers was heading for the "backbone" of Papua—the mountain range running northwest-southeast. He would cross it at 16,000 feet.

As the P-40's reached 10,000, pilots went on full oxygen and mountains loomed straight ahead. Landers kept *Big Doll's* nose pointed upward. A few clouds hovered above the mountains. They would probably build up during the day, as they did every day. Altitude eased upward . . . 12,000, 13,000, 14,000 feet. Gun switches were now on; the 9th was ready for action if the enemy challenged. Dobodura was not far away. The squadron crossed the mountains near Kokoda Pass. The patrol area was fifteen minutes distant.

Landers spread out flights and stacked them at different altitudes. Red Flight, which he led, was to fly low position, so he nosed down to 9,000 feet. White Flight, behind right, began to ease down to 11,000. Blue Flight, slightly back from White and off Landers' left, remained at 16,000 as top cover. Dobodura neared below. The coast, and the western Solomon Sea, a brilliant blue, came into view ahead. The squadron banked left as it passed over the field, curving to the west, toward Japanese territory.

Eyes in each of the flights searched out the sky for the enemy, but to no avail. The flight up the coast continued. All was quiet and peaceful. Only the steady roar of the engines broke the silence.

Landers leans into a turn and heads back for the airstrip 9th is guarding. The twelve fighters snake gracefully along the coast. The flight is almost monotonous. Time and again the squadron crosses the field and makes its run up and down the shoreline. Minutes, then a half hour, then an hour, go by. By now pilots are relaxing. Many unhook safety belts and parachutes. Nothing seems to be doing today.

An hour passes . . . then another fifteen minutes. It is 11 A.M. Only fifteen more minutes to patrol and the squadron will turn south for home. Over the radio Landers hears his relief squadron call in —they're approaching the pass over Kokoda. In fifteen minutes they'll relieve 9th. The squadron is flying southeast, down the coast, and Landers begins to hook up his chute and safety belt again, in preparation for the return flight.

An excited voice cuts in over the radio: "Zeros—coming down the coast!" Landers whips his head around, knowing the enemy will be coming out of the west, behind. He makes out the forms of ten or eleven bandits, very low. (There were others—twenty in all—he was to discover later.) He presses the mike button: "White Leader will cover at 9,000. Blue Leader come down with me!" At the same time Landers steps on right rudder and yanks stick right, letting his nose drop in the turn. The Japs are only 500 to 1,000 feet high. He calls White Leader again, telling him he can descend from 9,000 feet to 5,000 feet. That will still give him a good altitude advantage in the fight ahead.

The three flights streak down, airspeed races upward . . . 300, 350, 400 m.p.h. Landers is aiming straight; on this course he'll meet the enemy fighters head on, with such speed the P-40's can pull up and come down again. Every pilot in the squadron is gripped in the suspense of imminent combat.

The enemy gaggle spots the onrushing Americans and the Japs break formation. One group of three turns south; another group continues on toward Dobodura. Landers must pick his foe. Since he's leading the squadron, he's slightly ahead of the others; he will go for the Japs heading south. The bandits streaking toward the field can be intercepted by the P-40's behind, between Dobodura and the Zeros.

Down to 1,500 feet, throttle wide open, Landers rolls into a vertical left turn, curving in behind the three bandits. *Big Doll* is easing up on them smartly. Landers doesn't have much time to look around; he keeps the enemy fighters in sight as they grow larger. The Zeros are flying in a V and Landers jockeys his nose into position to close the two Zeros to the right; his wing man can take care of the third, to the left.

The Zeros can't match *Big Doll's* speed. Their low-wing outlines stretch wider and wider in the gunsight glass. Landers steadily comes on from behind. . . . The Zeros fly straight and level. Haven't they seen him? Now the enemy fighter on the right is filling the orange light circle. Landers' finger feels the trigger button on the stick. He presses down. *Big Doll's* six fifties spurt flame and shell. The P-40 shudders and roars; range is so close hits immediately rip up the Zero. Landers is coming on even closer; he can see strikes all over the enemy plane.

His guns are loaded with seven explosives to two armor-piercing and one tracer and the trapped Zero staggers from the effects of the explosive barrage. The concentrated close-range fire is too much—pieces of the Zero tear off. Suddenly there's a flash; the enemy plane literally explodes in the air with Landers only feet behind. Landers doesn't have time to gloat over the kill. Slamming stick left, he banks into position behind the enemy leader—still flying straight and level. The leader is almost in range, so close was he to his wing man. Maneuvering the P-40 into dead astern firing position, Landers begins to fill the sight ring again. He's closing slightly slower, as his speed gradually falls in level flight. The enemy's picks up. Even so, he's closing the Zero's tail.

Fire! *Big Doll* vibrates again and shells streak out toward the enemy ahead, who at the last second catches on, banks vertically right. The Zero is a second too late. He is already hit. As the enemy's left wing whips high, exposing the yellow Rising Sun insignia, Landers sees a faint trail of smoke. He opened fire just in time.

Hanging on in the right turn, Landers pours fire at the stricken Zero. Another burst! A third! The bandit is hard hit. Range is close and fire accurate. The Zero is doomed. . . . Landers keeps his eye on the enemy ahead, now trailing a long stream of smoke, and losing altitude. He's going down, and there isn't far to go. Now in a steep descent, Landers squarely on his tail, the second victim points his nose at a mountainside ahead and never finishes the right turn: the pilot must be dead at the controls. The Zero dives on and on, straight toward the mountain. The trees loom up ahead but the enemy pilot doesn't pull up. Landers watches him plow straight into the mountain. Burning gasoline and a boil of dark smoke mark the spot where pilot and plane hit.

Landers notices he's only a hundred feet over the trees. He pulls back on the stick and banks right. He looks for his wing man and the other two fighters of Red Flight. He hasn't seen them since he began to concentrate on the three Zeros. His wing man to the left must have caught the third Zero, furthest left.

Big Doll suddenly shudders! Landers looks at his high left wing . . . holes! He feels the shudder again. In a split second he slams left wing down, reverses turn and jams the throttle full forward. He's caught from behind! As he stands on the left wing, pulls it tight, he sees the Zero dead astern, wing guns blinking and spurting shells. He's on the deck, with no speed advantage to get away. The Zero can outturn him. His position is immediately desperate.

Landers hauls *Big Doll* around the left

turn as tight as he can bank; the Zero swishes by overhead and up. The enemy pilot has speed on him, and turns back down and around for another pass. Sweating and already hit, realizing he's trapped, Landers experiences the fear of probable death the two Jap pilots in front of him just felt. Caught by the standard mistake—not clearing his tail! For a few seconds he stays out of the line of fire . . . he twists and turns wildly, hoping to throw the enemy pilot off. He glances back as he continues erratic maneuvering. The Zero is there.

Now the enemy is off to his left. Landers straightens out his flight path, engine wide open. But *Big Doll* isn't getting away. The grim low-wing silhouette behind flies almost like a wing man who sticks by at every turn. The Zero outturned him when he banked left, winding up on his left! The enemy pilot now moves in for another pass. . . . Landers goes hard right, just as the enemy fires again. This time he misses.

Leaning into a reverse turn, back to the left, he sees the enemy calmly lining him for another firing pass . . . the Zero comes in this time from the right rear. Landers maneuvers desperately, kicking rudder to throw the enemy's aim off while banking sharply left. Thump! Thump! Holes open up in a row just in front of the cockpit; the enemy has laid a burst across the nose of *Big Doll*.

Hit again, desperate, Landers tries everything he knows; stick up, down, hard to the left, jinxing rudder and taking every evasive action he knows. In glimpses behind he sees the enemy fighter hanging on. *Big Doll* still runs smoothly, but smoke begins to steam back from the engine—hits in the engine! In the wild maneuvering Landers almost gets on the enemy's tail. For a moment he can see the Zero in his sight, for the first time. He holds the stick back in his stomach with all his strength . . . the P-40 staggers on the verge of a spin . . . he can't come on around . . . the Zero begins to move ahead in the turn, pulling out of view . . . that means he's gaining on Landers in the turn.

Big Doll suddenly stands on right wing and breaks off in that direction. The Zero, a glance behind reveals, is coming on from behind and right. The enemy pilot closes in for another pass despite everything Landers can do. Landers jerks the stick and hits the rudders . . . the Zero comes on, stays with every turn . . . flashes in off the side and up again. That was a pass. But the enemy pilot didn't fire. Landers managed to keep out of the line of fire on that one.

From the left, behind, the Zero comes on again. This time Landers skids rudder and stands on his right wing . . . the enemy fighter makes another pass . . . again he doesn't fire. Why? Landers wonders if the Jap isn't satisfied with his passes, or whether he might be out of ammunition. In a cold sweat, engine smoking and barely over the trees, Landers doesn't hold a card. Slowly, in the wild battle, he is working his way southward, up the slopes of foothills of the Owen Stanley Range. Ahead he can see clouds over the mountains. If he can make it that far . . .

The Zero moves in with another perfect firing pass, using speed and turning edge to close from the right, behind. Landers banks away as sharply as *Big Doll* can turn . . . the Zero alters course to follow through on the pass . . . Landers hits rudder to evade the line of fire. *Big Doll* shudders, vibrates . . . Landers can hear the shells slamming into him . . . hit again! The enemy isn't out of ammunition! He's cool enough not to waste any.

Big Doll vibrates constantly . . . the engine's losing power . . . dense smoke streams back. The Zero is getting ready for another pass. Landers is almost to the first high ridge ahead . . . clouds hovering above it. He pushes the throttle again, it's all the way. *Big Doll* can do no more. The vibration increases. Landers knows he won't make it home. He glances at the altimeter—6,000 feet! Just over the trees and 6,000 feet! That means the elevation of the ground below is almost 6,000 feet.

Straight ahead now the high ridge draws closer. Landers has one chance—he will aim for the small open space between the tops of the trees and the clouds above—scarcely a hundred feet. Beyond the ridge the clouds come down to cover the tops of mountains on all sides. If the Zero follows him into the valley his chances of coming out won't be good. Landers has nothing to lose. He might sneak up into the clouds or he might find a place to crash-land in the valley. It's his only chance.

The ridge is rushing toward him. The bottom of the clouds is just above it; *Big Doll* steadily loses power. He can just make the ridge . . . can he make it up into the clouds? Does the engine have the power? Out front smoke streams back . . . Landers glances at the instrument panel . . . power is failing . . . *Big Doll* is about through. Suddenly the ridge flashes by beneath . . . a valley dips away below—the tops of the peaks ahead hidden by the clouds. Landers dips nose and heads down, down into the valley. Even a fully functioning fighter would be on dangerous ground down in the valley, mountains on all sides, tops invisible, obscured by the clouds.

The Zero pilot behind, watching the American fighter skip over the treetops and through the narrow margin between cloud and trees, and then down, has a fearful choice. The P-40 is streaming smoke, apparently finished.

The clouds are building up; they will sock in more, not less. In minutes the gap now open over the ridge top will probably close. The enemy suddenly turns away, as Landers plunges down, over the ridge, into the valley. With the P-40 damaged beyond recovery, heading into a dead-end valley, there's no point in following. The enemy pilot is wily. Though he might not have known, his diagnosis was right.

Landers slopes down the incline toward the valley bottom. His eyes race across the tops of trees and into every corner of the depression, looking for a clearing, a spot to crash-land. Nothing. *Big Doll* is puffing black smoke and power drains out rapidly now; Landers is desperate. Where can he land? He has a little speed left, eases back the stick . . . the P-40 noses upward on momentum alone . . . the engine seizes! Landers takes a last look at the countryside below . . . no salvation for *Big Doll*. He knows he must get out . . . in seconds.

The engine is strangely quiet and the propwash suddenly missing. Landers is only a thousand feet above the trees . . . the airspeed needle winds downward . . . he's still holding the nose up. Instantly he reaches for the canopy handle and jerks it back. He grabs his safety belt and unfastens it with a flip of both hands. All the stories he recalls about not having to jump out when the canopy is opened and safety belt unfastened rush through his mind . . . not true. There is no force pushing him up and out.

He has no time to lose. Looking at his parachute handle for a split second, he lunges upward in his seat and stands straight up; the wind hits him in the face. But the P-40 is flying so slowly even the force of the wind is not too great . . . and it doesn't pull him out. He must literally jump. Without hesitating, he stands up in the seat and leaps up—and back—into the air. He notices *Big Doll's* rudder flash by him; as he does he yanks the parachute handle . . . falling toward the trees below. For a second or two it looks as if he'll fall into the trees before the chute opens. Then a sudden jolt—the silk billows out above him. Landers is hanging beneath the chute at a slight angle. He begins the swing down under, like a human pendulum. One swing. Before he reaches the bottom of the initial swing, green rushes up. His body beats against limbs and branches. Then he stops, hanging. A sharp pain in his right knee makes him wince; the leg is paralyzed. Landers looks up . . . his chute is hooked on the top limbs of the tree—a huge one, 125

feet tall. Hanging from its top he's still a hundred feet from the maze of green below.

Landers wonders how he'll make his way out of the thickness below him with a bad leg. About a hundred yards away he sees a small stream. For a few seconds he hangs there, looks up and around and down. He will have to climb up the shroud lines. He can't cut loose. The fall would be fatal. Feeling begins to come back to his leg. He rubs his knee, where the pain is. He finds he can move it. He must have struck the kneecap a good blow falling into the tree, but he realizes with relief he'll be able to walk when he gets to the ground. Just where he'll walk to he doesn't know. The enemy pilot kept him so busy he had no time to navigate. His exact position is a mystery.

Landers pulls 226 pounds up the shroud lines, into the top of the tree, reaches the limb which caught his chute. He takes stock. He can't go down the trunk. The tree is too large. He begins to pull the chute to him; after working and tugging a while, he has harness, chute and lines on the limb beside him. He reaches for the small jungle kit American pilots carry—it's there! Two .45 pistols are strapped securely under his arms. His belt and jungle kit contain three boxes of ammunition for the .45's. If there are Japs below, he'll be able to provide a noisy reception. Landers also has a machete, which he now uses to cut lines and rig up a rope, which he ties to the limb and to himself. He uses the rope to lower himself to a large vine about fifty feet below, on which he reaches the ground.

He has thrown the jungle kit to the ground. As he reaches the bottom he finds himself in a mass of undergrowth, vines and bushes. For a few minutes he tries to make his way around to find the kit. Impossible! He couldn't clear away the dense growth at the base of the tree —fifteen feet in diameter—in less than a day's work.

Landers remembers the direction of the stream. He will cut his way through to the waterway. With machete he begins to hack at the thick growth barring his path. Progress is unbelievably slow. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen pass . . . the stream is only a hundred yards away. He chops away with machete vigorously. Every few steps is an accomplishment. It takes forty minutes to get the first glimpse of the stream. Finally he breaks out of the growth and to the bank. The water is clear. He's thirsty. He leans down and takes a long drink, sits on the bank.

For some reason he looks at his watch. A few minutes before twelve! A long morning. As he sits there resting, he

Landers pulls 226 pounds up the shroud lines, into the top of the tree, reaches the limb which caught his chute.

realizes take-off was only two and a half hours earlier. It seems a long time ago. He's a long way from civilization, in the foothills of mountains he crossed in *Big Doll* so easily time after time, and so quickly. Checking his guns and putting away the machete, Landers stands up and begins to walk upstream.

Sooner or later he will come to a path, a crossing of some kind. The stream is shallow . . . he walks on the edge whenever he can, in the water when the undergrowth reaches both banks. Time passes slowly; the stream is rocky, and Landers gives thanks for the G.I. high-tops. An hour passes, two hours . . . not a sign of life, no sounds, no trails. Landers begins to wonder. It's two o'clock in the afternoon. He sloshes on upstream, getting wearier step by step. He has had no food, other than coffee, all day.

Three hours pass; Landers trudges upstream. Three o'clock. Only the sounds of birds and the ripple of water break the jungle silence. He could have been back to Moresby, returned to Dobodura and landed again back at Moresby in this time—in a fighter. The banks along the side of the stream get higher as he moves upland. He looks at his watch . . . four o'clock! For four hours he has been walking upstream and not a trail, not a path, has he come across.

The right bank of the stream rises up some thirty feet ahead. Landers makes out an outline which could be a path winding up the bank. He takes a long look, and anxiously approaches it. There is no one around, but the path is there, a footpath, one used regularly. Landers starts up the winding pathway on the right, ready to go for his .45's at a moment's notice. He hears soft words and hesitates, then climbs on. He reaches the top. As he tops the crest, in front of him stands a young girl with a baby in her arms. Both are surprised. The native girl screams, begins to run. Landers, speechless, hears a rustle in the brush on the low side of the bank; he whirls around.

All at once nine natives break out of the brush on the low side of the bank, running toward him; they carry axes and knives. Landers has happened on a poor introduction—having frightened the girl. He reaches for his guns. The natives hesitate, then stop, looking him over from the bottom of the bank. It's a tense moment. Then the natives turn and begin to run. Landers wants no hostile natives around him at night. He fires his .45's over their heads, a long-shot chance they'll realize he's not trying to hit them, but stop their flight.

The strategy works. An elderly native halts the others. He turns slowly and looks back at Landers, who stops firing and motions frantically for the brown-skinned, bikini-ed group to come back. The old man walks slowly forward, crosses the stream and approaches, others following at a distance.

Landers tries to explain his plight. The natives jabber. Neither can make out the other. The old man steps forward; around his neck he wears a round disc, and Landers reads the English words: "Native Chieftain of Papua County." Landers smiles and uses his hands and a few words in an effort to get through.

He offers cigarettes, which they accept and light. The natives know only four words of English, which they repeat over and over: "American—Jap—machine gun." That's the vocabulary. Landers doesn't know how much they understand of what he's trying to tell them—that he's an American pilot just shot down, trying to make it back to American lines. The natives become friendly. All of them sit down and smoke. Landers sits among them.

Resting, Landers takes out his handkerchief and begins to field-strip his pistols. The natives watch every move. No one seems to be in a hurry. Tired from the long walk, Landers decides to relax a while, too, not knowing whether the natives understand or not. For half an hour they sit on the bank of the stream. Then a native runs up out of the underbrush. Landers recognizes two fifty-calibre shells . . . from *Big Doll*. The native proudly displays them. The others jabber excitedly as they gather round and look the fifties over. His guns stripped, now impatient to be on his way, Landers gets up and motions to the group to get started. They seem to understand, start down the bank to the stream, signaling him to follow.

They cross the brook, then go about twenty steps along a path leading from the low bank, and come to a path that parallels the stream: they turn left and start following the path downstream. For six hours Landers sloshed up the stream, in the other direction—with a path twenty yards to his left! The natives walk ahead. An hour passes. They are leading him up the side of a mountain, have turned away from the stream. Up and up they walk. Landers behind the bare-backed natives, who wear only scant bikinis. It's six o'clock, and in a few minutes the top is reached. Landers sees a small shack ahead. The natives must plan to spend the night here; they lead him inside, gesture, and start a fire on the dirt floor. They are getting ready to eat.

Since he hasn't had any food all day, and since he can't do anything about it anyhow, Landers sits down wearily and watches preparations. The shack is small, about ten by twelve feet, its sides made of bamboo canes, the top straw. With the fire in the center, the natives and Landers around it, and a couple of the dogs who have joined the group also present, the little shack is packed. The natives go out and bring in green bananas. They also bring in coconuts.

They throw the green bananas into the hot coals, chop the coconuts open and drink the milk. Landers accepts a coconut and enjoys the nourishment. He tries to motion to the natives he prefers ripe bananas, not green ones. No progress. Charcoaled green bananas or nothing. Landers eats a few and drinks more coconut milk. Outside the sun is setting.

A native runs in with a present—his chute! Landers thanks him. The chute will be his cover during the night. The natives, almost entirely unclothed, have no cover, sleep on the ground. More natives come in as darkness settles over New Guinea; finally there are some fourteen natives and half a dozen dogs in the shack. They prepare to sleep. Landers is cold, though clothed and covered with the silk of his chute. The natives sleep soundly on the ground.

During the night, which somehow passes rather quickly, it rains and Landers hears large tropical drops beating muffled tones on the straw roof above. By morning the rain has stopped. The natives rise early and once again go out for bananas and coconuts. Breakfast! Green bananas and coconuts. Again Landers tries to get through on the subject of ripe versus green bananas. Again he fails. Soon all are out on the trail, walking down the mountain in a different direction from that of yesterday's ascent.

The trail is rugged and progress slow. Landers begins to get impatient. Where is he going? The natives know he is an American; he has given them all coins, cigarettes, his lighter. They know his identity. They must be leading him toward the coast—but it doesn't seem so. Up above he sees a transport plane fly over . . . American . . . probably headed for Dobodura from Moresby . . . and he's going in neither direction. He tries to understand the natives . . . he is beginning to get a few words . . . but still they can't tell him where he's going.

For hours they walk down into a valley . . . Landers recognizes nothing. About noon some of the natives ahead become excited, talk rapidly . . . Landers wonders if he's coming to a town, or a road. He looks ahead and steps a little faster, but sees nothing. Then in the jungle up ahead he makes out the cause of the excitement . . . a green wing, scattered parts . . . *Big Doll!* The natives have taken him to his aircraft! Landers goes forward to look it over. The natives think somebody must be inside; Landers convinces them he was the only occupant. *Big Doll* is pretty thoroughly demolished—the engine burned, fuselage blackened and wings and tail broken by the trees she struck. Landers was right in jumping . . . he wouldn't have survived this landing.

Once again it's time to eat bananas and drink coconut milk—dinner. It has taken half a day to reach the plane. Landers is impatient. The natives start a fire and throw the green bananas in. Finally they are ready to go again. To his dismay, Landers sees them start back the way they came. They've been walking all morning in the wrong direction. Now they must go back the way they came—a day wasted!

By nightfall the group reaches the shack. They will spend the night here again. Landers' feet are acquiring blisters and he's tired. He settles down in the shack for the second night. It's December 27.

Early next morning he is greeted by a guide, evidently sent for by the other natives. He recognizes enough native words to get across two points. He wants to be taken to the nearest Americans, and he likes ripe bananas, not green.

The guide seems to understand. They bid the rest of the natives good-by and start off down the mountainside. And while the guide leads, and he follows, there always seems to be someone else behind, following out of curiosity. The guide obliges him with a stalk of ripe bananas and Landers eats several. They walk on for several hours . . . reach a small village . . . the natives have a stalk of ripe bananas waiting for him. How did they know? They halt only a few minutes, and continue on. Another village is reached several hours later. Another stalk of ripe bananas is waiting for him. Landers downs a few more. His feet are sore and he's tired after three days of walking, but eager to continue.

After passing through three villages during the day, Landers and guide stop at the next one for the night. He had noticed during the day they were moving east or north most of the time. He reasons he is heading for the nearest Americans on the north coast. The chief, the guide, and Landers are allowed space around a fire; everyone else retires out of sight, the men in their bikinis, the women in little or nothing at all. They all go to sleep. It's December 28.

Next day Landers reached the Kokoda trail. He and the guide followed it, northeast, toward the northern coast of New Guinea, passing many dead Japanese soldiers, which always excited the guide and other natives who happened to be along. They passed through more villages. In answer to Landers' standard question: "Where are the Americans?" the reply was invariably "Over the next hill." But they never were. So passed the 29th.

On December 30, feet blistered, leeches working on his legs, tired and weak from his banana-coconut diet, Landers and guide reached a village in which a native spoke English. The guide informed him that several villages further along he would at last see the sea. True enough, at the third village, Landers glimpsed the ocean ahead. It took several hours

Curtiss P-40 ready for takeoff on mission after enemy raid warning was given at Dobodura, New Guinea. Lieutenant Landers started out (in the Pacific) flying the P-40. In his years of combat duty he flew practically every fighter in the Army Air Corps.

1st Lt. John D. Landers

to reach the beach; finally they made it. Landers carefully removed his shoes . . . walked painfully along in the sand . . . the blisters were so bad he couldn't get his shoes back on, nor did he want to . . . he wanted the salt water to clean and soothe his feet. His legs were covered with sores where the blood leeches had fed during the last five days.

An American food dump, so the natives had said, was not far, and Landers and the guide walked the beach in its direction. Stepping lightly on his tender feet, Landers at last saw three G.I.'s guarding the entrance to the U.S. food dump. He approached slowly, introduced himself and explained he had been shot down. The guards had a telephone in their sentry house and offered it to him. He talked to their commanding officer, who agreed to radio Moresby. Landers wanted someone at Moresby to pick him up at a nearby airstrip, formerly Japanese, down the coast a few miles.

Next day, the 31st, an Aussie came to the U.S. dump, where Landers had spent the night, paid the guide the standard five pounds' reward for bringing out an American, and gave him all the food he could carry away. The guide said good-by and promptly left. Then the Aussie sailed Landers in a small boat to the landing strip down the coast. A medical unit stationed here immediately looked him over, a doctor lanced blisters and treated his legs. An A-24 from Moresby landed and picked him up, and a couple of hours later he was back in Moresby. It was December 31. He had been gone since 9:15 A.M. of the 26th. It had been a long mission.

Other pilots in 9th Squadron had witnessed Landers' Japanese victims going down on the 26th . . . he was credited with two kills. The Americans, in the battle, had destroyed seven enemy fighters that morning, preventing an attack on Dobodura. Victories had been scored by Lieutenants William O. Sells, William A. Levitan, James A. Watkins, Robert A. McDaris, and Arthur A. Wenige. The interception, then, had been an important success, and an outstanding victory.

Landers asked why the other three planes in his flight had disappeared that morning as he headed for the three Zeros.

His element leader had attached himself to another flight in the wild battle. And Lieutenant Robert A. McDaris, who dived on the Zeros with him, had shot one down and been jumped himself. That left Landers alone, as he closed in to attack his second victim.

For bravery and aggressive leadership in combat, and two kills, Landers was awarded a second Oak Leaf cluster to the Silver Star. At war's end he had been awarded the Purple Heart, the Silver Star with two clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross with three clusters, numerous air medals and British and French decorations. He was officially credited with the destruction of 28½ enemy planes, and probably destroyed several more.

For continuous service in combat and over-all record few fighter pilots in World War II surpassed him.

My Job —

PROTECTING AMERICA'S FREEDOMS

The human mind grows calloused
To what is always near;
'Tis mostly in its absence
That anything is dear.

And so it is with Freedom—
As Kipling's adage goes:
"What can he know of Freedom
Who naught but Freedom knows?"

As citizen and airman,
Of this I am aware:
Protecting all our Freedoms
Is work we each must share.

First, in my Country's Air Force,
My Airman's Oath hold true;
The Service Code of Conduct
In every Clause to do.

My ballot I shall treasure
And when election nears,
Decide my choice on merit—
Not prejudice nor fears.

Support our Institutions—
Our Schools and Churches, too;
All services I'll render
Which called upon to do.

I'll worship God as I see fit—
To others grant the same—
With no intolerance surround
My Maker's Holy Name.

To each man extend my hand
Regardless of his kin;
No man will I cause to rue
The pigment of his skin.

To Youth, I'll give example
They're proud to pattern of;
Stoke their bright new loyalty
And help their problems solve.

As councilor, I'll teach them
This premise to hold fast:
Of all mundane possessions,
To part with Freedom last.

—Charles E. Buchanan
Master Sergeant
United States Air Force

The above poem is the letter submitted by M/Sgt. Charles E. Buchanan, winner of the 1958 Freedoms Foundation first prize. See *Blue Ribbon*, Airman's World, page 22, for details.